NEW MASSES

September 21, 1943 15¢ In Canada 20¢

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A MILITARY ANALYSIS

By Colonel T.

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By CARL RUTHVEN OFFORD

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AYS LOUIS E. MARTIN,

ditor of The "Michigan Chronicle"

am a New Deal Democrat with my left eye on Wendell Willkie id my right eye on Henry Wallace. And I insist that I am not oss-eyed. As the editor of a Negro newspaper which is commit- d to a relentless campaign against fascism wherever it occurs, I id New Masses of invaluable service to me in seeking to under- and clearly the forces at work in this country.

agree with New Masses that this is a time for unity in America id that this unity should embrace all peoples and groups. By posing those elements which are creating disunity, New Masses making a signal contribution to our war effort and to democracy. ie serious student of American affairs cannot afford to ignore ur trenchant analyses of current events if he seeks to arrive at honest judgment on the state of the nation."

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There speaks the editor of one of the leading Negro newspapers in the Midwest. We are proud that Louis E. Martin finds **New Masses** indispensable to "the serious students of American affairs." And we are proud, too, of the evidence that so many other distinguished Americans agree with him. But it is not for us alone to feel pride; it is for you, our readers, who share in the publication of **NM,** who make possible its progress, to take keen satisfaction in its achievements. And, surely, you realize that those achievements are never so important as now, when the main job confronting you is to guarantee a speedy victory and a healthy postwar world.

As we said last week, **New Masses** is a weapon. Wield it. Make the blade cut as sharply and widely as possible. How many people do you know who have no such weapon, though they need it and want it? To add 5,000 subscribers to **NM**'s audience by January 1, 1944—that is the goal and it is easily attainable. To reach it would lessen the burden—for you and us—of financial appeals. It would greatly heighten the magazine's effectiveness. If each of you secures just one new subscriber, we would achieve the goal many times over. Can you, will you, do that? **One sub from each of you**—let's get going!

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Recess Is Over

CONGRESS is back. For two months the members of what has been called the greatest deliberative body in the world have been presumably rubbing elbows with the sweating America of the cities and towns and farms. We hope it has been more than hand-shaking. We hope that more than one august legislator has felt the chill eyes and hot anger of his constituents. We hope it is a chastened Congress, a responsible Congress, a victory-minded Congress that returns from its recess. But frankly we've got our fingers crossed.

In these two months the war against the Axis has leaped forward. Hitler has suffered disaster on the Eastern Front, Mussolini has been overthrown. Italy has unconditionally surrendered and become the springboard for new assaults on Festung Europa, and Japan has been steadily pushed back in the Pacific. Will Congress abandon the shameful obstructionism of the past, will it rise to the stature of this people's liberation war, and become a source of strength instead of weakness for America and all the United Nations? Will it, to be specific, cease its attempts to hamstring the food, manpower, price-control, and rationing programs, will it repeal the Connally-Smith strike-provoking act, will it enact a genuine win-the-war tax bill, push through the Senate the Marcantonio anti-poll tax measure already adopted by the House, vote an anti-lynching bill, pass the Wagner-Murray-Dingell social security bill?

On September 20 the House Ways and Means Committee opens hearings on a new tax measure. The members of this committee know what needs to be done. If they don't, they might take a look at the eight-point tax program recently proposed by CIO President Philip Murray. It calls for tax exemptions of $800 for single persons and $1,500 for married persons, instead of the present $500 and $1,200; no sales tax; repeal of the five percent "victory" tax; increased tax rates starting at $3,000 a year, with rapid increases above $5,000, so as to limit maximum net income after taxes to $25,000; abolition of tax-exempt bonds and other special privileges; a rise in corporate profits tax rates from the present forty percent to fifty-five percent, plus 100 percent on excess profits over five percent on the first $10,000,000 of invested capital; higher rates and lower exemptions on gift and estate taxes; an "equitable social security tax adjustment" to finance the expanded benefits proposed in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill.

THE action of Congress on taxes and on other issues will depend in part on the amount of political leverage the labor movement and the groups allied with it are able to develop. In these past two months the CIO has let no grass grow under it. Under the direction of its Political Action Committee headed by Sidney Hillman, it has held three successful regional conferences, in Philadelphia, Chicago and Birmingham; it has been organizing politically in a great many communities, often in collaboration with the AFL and the railroad brotherhoods; its members have been meeting with congressmen and calling them to account. While the CIO has its sights turned toward the 1944 election, it recognizes that the outcome of that election depends on what happens throughout the whole intervening period.

As NEW MASSES pointed out when Congress recessed, "the majority of members of the House and Senate are neither quislings nor fools. . . . What is true, however, is that most of the legislators have been taken in by the conscious defeatists and by the gross reactionaries *because the win-the-war forces have been unable to achieve unity, and therefore have been unable to exercise leadership.*" This can and must be changed. Unity and unremitting efforts can deeply influence the course of even the present ambiguous Congress and prepare the way for the election in 1944 of a national legislature worthy of our country.

Green Light for FEPC

THE long-awaited railroad hearings of the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee are under way. This is a victory for the war and for the future peace. It will be recalled that early this year the indefinite postponement of these hearings precipitated a major crisis in the FEPC, with resultant resignations and the growth of widespread bitterness among the Negro people. It is to the credit of President Roosevelt that, despite the counsel of reactionary poll-taxers and timorous psuedo-liberals, he refused to abandon the fight against discrimination in war industry, and reconstituted and strengthened the FEPC.

Twenty-two railroads and fourteen railroad labor unions will face complaints ranging from total exclusion of Negroes to refusal to upgrade them. A twenty-third company, the Virginia Railway Co., has on the eve of the hearings agreed to cease discriminating against forty-six Negro workers who were employed at wages and under conditions inferior to those of white workers of the same category.

Discrimination in war industry, exploited by fifth column elements, has been a primary factor in most of the anti-Negro outbreaks of recent months. In his eloquent guest editorial, page 11, Carl Ruthven Offord, author of the fine first novel, *The White Face*, calls for the abolition of the Negro ghetto, which he terms "a permanent source of victory for fascism." No less urgent is the abolition of ghetto practices in American industry which affect not only Negroes (though they are the principal victims), but Jews, the foreign-born, and Catholics. The FEPC has accomplished some improvement in this field, but it is as yet only a drop in a huge ocean.

IN HIS desire to focus on the crime that is daily being committed against one out of every ten Americans, Mr. Offord, it seems to us, occasionally paints the picture too darkly, as, for example, when he speaks of "the landslide defeats of social legislation in the last session of Congress." One should not forget the overwhelming vote in the House for the Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill and the continuing campaign for favorable action by the Senate.

A wrong impression may also be inadvertently created by Mr. Offord's statement that the Negro lacks "appropriate leadership" and "organized help from his Negro and white leaders and allies." The fact is that such leadership and help does exist and was largely responsible for preventing Harlem from becoming another Detroit. The work which such Negro organizations as the National Negro Congress, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Negro Labor Victory Committee, and the National Urban League are doing certainly cannot be dismissed. One ought not also overlook the fact that the CIO and many AFL unions have brought hundreds of

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thousands of white workers into the fight against discrimination. And who can deny the outstanding role of the Communist Party in making the battle for Negro rights a national issue of first importance? This is a battle from which no American is exempt or deferred. As Earl Browder pointed out in last week's NEW MASSES, "Anti-Negroism in all its manifestations of Jim Crow segregation, poll-tax laws, and all their consequences must be rooted out of American social and political practice by laws, by energetic administration, and by public education, so that even its slightest manifestation will become as impossible as public declarations of belief in witchcraft have become."

Freedom from Want

IN HIS address at a meeting sponsored by the Chicago United Nations Committee to Win the Peace, Vice-President Wallace continued his championship of the common man and his century. In this speech he emphasized the need to implement the fourth of the Four Freedoms, freedom from want, and to guarantee the economic arrangements of the postwar world. This emphasis is fundamental and is all too often submerged in wishful generalities.

Mr. Wallace listed seven kinds of freedom from want and urged as the first step toward attaining them passage of the Hill-Ball-Hatch-Burton Senate resolution proposing that our government call an immediate conference of the United Nations to set up an international organization and provide postwar machinery for settling disputes. Mr. Wallace added that there should be provision for "joint action on the problem of unemployment and overproduction due to international causes." Much of the rest of his talk was concerned with attacks on international cartels and on monopoly at home.

For all its sincerity and idealism there is a curiously academic quality about Mr. Wallace's latest address. This derives from the fact that in his preoccupation with the postwar world the Vice-President has neglected to build its foundations: swift and total victory over the Axis through active coalition warfare. As a result, the vigor of his rhetoric only partly blankets the vagueness of his proposals for the postwar period. Toward the latter part of his speech Mr. Wallace lists as the first of the nine immediate objectives of the common man: "Hitler, Mussolini and what they stand for must be wiped out as soon as possible." It is unfortunate that in the architecture of his speech, the first objective occupies such an insignificant place, though it is implicit in his entire conception.

We doubt, moreover, whether the big issue before the American people today is that of monopoly and international cartels. The dominant American monopolist groups are now supporting the war—for their own reasons and after their own fashion, it is true—and the loss of their support would under capitalist conditions be a major catastrophe. A more constructive approach, it seems to us, is one that differentiates between the patriotic and defeatist sections of big business and the political supporters of each in both major parties.

As for the postwar period, the most effective way of assuring that international collaboration which is the irreducible core of a durable peace is to demand that it begin functioning fully here and now through the United States and Britain assuming military responsibilities commensurate with those of the Soviet Union. And a principal way of combating reactionary monopolist influences and assuring a people's peace is to insist here and now that labor be brought directly into the planning and directing agencies of the war effort and into the Cabinet.

Mr. Hull Speaks

THE speech which Secretary of State Cordell Hull broadcast Sunday evening contained many admirable *statements*. Outstanding among these were the words: "At the present time, the paramount aim of our foreign policy, and the paramount aim of the foreign policy of each of the other United Nations, is to defeat our enemies as quickly as possible. . . . Every weapon of our military and economic activity and every instrumentality of our diplomacy have been and are directed toward the strengthening of the combined war effort." Mr. Hull pays generous tribute to our fighting allies. He refers to the "magnificent feats of courage and sacrifice" of the Soviet armies and civilians and says that it is our "settled policy that collaboration and cooperation between our two countries shall steadily increase during and following the war."

Unfortunately the Secretary of State also pays generous tribute to all aspects of foreign policy pursued by the United States

Geoffrey David

"Why can't we just say we're for peace when the war is over?"

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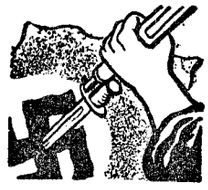
before and during the war and points with pride to the contribution of the State Department. As usual he admits no errors in judgment or in action. With questionable taste our diplomatic policies in the Far East, North Africa, Spain, and Vichy are singled out as examples of "diplomatic foresight and patient and vigorous activity by the agencies of our foreign policy." In view of the widespread public feeling that its rigidity, inefficiency, and frequent hospitality to appeasement trends have often hampered and even frustrated the State Department's own unquestioned commitment to win the war against the Axis, Mr. Hull's practice of defending himself and his colleagues by undocumented assertion is hardly reassuring.

A large portion of the Secretary's address is devoted to the organization of a postwar world in which "the monstrous specter of a world war shall not again show its head." International cooperation, he declares, can be successful to the extent that the nations of the world accept three fundamental propositions: first, the freedom of self-determination in the conduct of its own affairs so long as these do not menace the peace or security of other nations; second, respect for the rights of others and cooperation in a "system of sound international relations"; third, a willingness to submit differences to a process of peaceful settlement. Underlying these principles Mr. Hull accepts the use of force when necessary.

THIS speech is apparently one of a series which the Secretary of State proposes to make regarding our foreign policy. They are obviously in response to the widespread criticism of the Department and the strongly held suspicion that some of its leading members are not quite as devoted to the cause of the United Nations as they might be. Particularly, the speech is a reaction to the impatience of the American people and of many abroad to the fetish of secrecy which guards the Department's every move. Clear explanations of foreign policy are welcome. Last Saturday's declaration of policy is a move in the right direction though its vagueness and platitudinous qualities leave much to be desired; perhaps subsequent speeches will correct this. But, mainly, what everyone wants is a sound foreign policy seen in action. Our policy toward Spain has been a tragic mistake, that toward China up to Pearl Harbor an historical disgrace, Darlanism was one of the major political blunders of the war. There is no point in asserting that these policies were successful. On the face of things they proved a failure. The record is such that mere words will not restore the public confidence which national unity demands. Nothing short of action of the type which will "defeat our enemies as quickly as possible" will restore the prestige of the State Department.

USA to Argentina



SECRETARY Hull's recent letter to the Argentine Foreign Minister, Vice Admiral Segundo Storni, was clear, straight-forward and timely. It refused lend-lease arms to the Argentine government as long as it maintained its pro-Axis sympathies. It signified, at long last, an estimate of the Argentine situation completely in keeping with the democratic aspirations of the Argentine people and with the interests of the United Nations. Mr. Hull's letter contrasts sharply with the hasty recognition accorded the Ramirez junta last June by our government. It appears now that we have decided that nothing can be gained by further appeasing those minority elements in Argentina bent on collaborating with Hitler and sworn to a domestic brand of fascism.

It has been evident to most observers for a long time that the Argentine government rested on the shakiest of foundations. Unable to win the support of the Argentine electorate, it has sought to bolster itself by a foreign policy of "neutrality." In practice "neutrality" has meant giving aid and comfort to the Axis and imposing all possible obstacles (short of getting into serious trouble with the United States) in the way of the United Nations. The gradual weakening of the Axis, as the Soviet armies smashed ahead from the east and as the Anglo-American forces won control of the Mediterranean, has seriously shaken the sole foreign prop of the Argentine gangsters.

These remarks apply both to the Castillo regime and to its successor, the Ramirez group, which seized power early last June. The former had become so feeble that it was swept away by a featherweight revolt. Ramirez and his crowd at first won some domestic support by proclaiming popular slogans about hemisphere unity, price control and honest government. But that support, never very large, was quickly alienated as it became evident that the "progressive" features of the new junta were made up exclusively of hot and smelly air whereas the reactionary qualities were tangibly expressed in brutal acts of repression and in continued friendliness toward the Nazis. The present weakness of the Ramirez clique is evident from the Foreign Minister's hurried resignation following publication of the Hull correspondence. We hope that the pressure against this pro-Axis crowd will continue. If it does we shall be associating ourselves with the great majority of Argentinians in a struggle to establish a government that will truly represent the aspirations of the people of that country.

The War in China

REACTIONARY Kuomintang elements in the Chinese government have answered the world-wide plea for national unity in the interests of the war, and their answer is —further provocation. Reports are now being circulated from Chungking that Chinese Communist forces have been guilty of "provocative action" in two instances. It is claimed that the Communists, on July 20 and again on August 6, attacked the Peace Preservation Corps (the name given the Kuomintang forces blockading the heroic Eighth Route and Fourth Armies) in southwestern Shantung Province near Tsingtao, wiped them out, and caused the corps commander to kill himself.

That these reports are either complete fakes or deliberate distortions of the truth is evident from the entire history of China's struggle against the Japanese invader. Throughout these terrible years the Chinese Communists have been foremost in demanding, above all else, national unity against the common foe. In the face of repeated provocations, the Communist armies have stood steadfastly by that principle. It is unthinkable that they would now initiate any action against Kuomintang troops, even if the latter were in northern China for the express purpose of frustrating the national war against the fascists. On the other hand, the whole record of the war supports the belief that if a clash occurred it was begun by the Kuomintang troops under orders of disruptive elements remaining in powerful posts in the Chungking regime.

It is especially disheartening that such reports have been circulated at this particular time. The Chungking dispatch arrived on the second day of the eleventh plenary session of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee, China's highest ruling body. It coincided with reports that the Kuomintang was again considering the possibility of advancing to the stage of constitutional government, leaving behind the present stage, officially known as the period of tutelage. Such a step has been eagerly desired by all democratic forces in China for many years, for it

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would mean the legalization of minority parties, including the Communists, the establishment of constitutional rights, and a general process of democratization. The danger today is that backward Kuomintang elements, powerfully represented in the Executive Committee, will try to exploit the enthusiasm for constitutional government in an attempt to force the Communist Party to give up the armed forces fighting so gallantly under its leadership. This move must be widely exposed for what it is, an effort of Kuomintang defeatists to provoke further disunity among the Chinese people and thereby to weaken the United Nations coalition.

Overture to Victory

THE maestro raised his arms. There was exaltation in his eyes as he faced the orchestra. At his signal there sounded the strong imperious notes of the opening movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the V-theme that has become a battle-cry for millions throughout the world. The incomparable Toscanini was playing the program so fondly fashioned by him, so ardently awaited: "Victory, Act I," celebrating Italy's unconditional surrender and the beginning of its liberation. From Beethoven's Fifth he turned to Rossini's "William Tell" overture, then to the Garibaldi hymn, which he repeated twice, and finally to his own majestic arrangement of the Star Spangled Banner, singing as he led.

Over the NBC network Toscanini's victory concert went into the homes of America (and in recorded form it is being short-waved into the homes of Italy), an act of faith in democracy. This was no modish gesture; Toscanini's anti-fascism is not new-fangled, and he had no medals from Mussolini to return. This son of an old Garibaldi fighter, who in 1931 was assaulted by black-shirt gangsters in Bologna because he refused to play the fascist hymn, has intimately lived through his native country's agony and shame. And he has earned the right to speak for both Italy and his adopted country, the United States, in this hour of triumph. In a signed editorial in the current issue of *Life* magazine Toscanini calls on the United Nations to encourage the democratic revolution of the Italian people; and in a message to Rep. Vito Marcantonio, chairman of the United Americans of Italian Origin, he supports the unity of all Italian-Americans "for the purpose of helping the rehabilitation of a new democracy in Italy which will arise from the present struggle."

We feel certain that all America awaits with impatience Toscanini's "Victory, Acts II and III."

Ales Hrdlicka

ALES HRDLICKA, the former curator of the Smithsonian Institution, was a picturesque figure. And when he died last week at seventy-four the obituaries underscored his addiction to old-fashioned "poke collars," his love for a good story, his robust manner. As an anthropologist he had achieved international distinction. His work took him to the roof of the continent in search of data out of which he developed the still controversial theory that man migrated here from Asia by way of Alaska at a relatively late stage in human history. For years he moved up and down Alaska's rivers and through the Aleutians in search of skeletal specimens to support his views. Among the Eskimos who called him the "skull doctor" he was revered as a good friend.

Like that other great anthropologist, Franz Boas, who died last December, Dr. Hrdlicka was a persistent debunker of race theories. As a native of Bohemia from which he came to this country in 1882, he followed the war in Europe with intense interest and never let an opportunity pass to express his disgust for the Nazis. It was he who called for intimate ties between American and Soviet scientists. And on the occasion of the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship last November he not only sponsored the meeting but spoke at one of its panel sessions on the interchange of scientific ideas between both countries. There he emphasized that "In speaking of scientific as well as other matters, we frequently forget that Russia is not a country thousands of miles away, on another continent. We forget that . . . less than fifty miles separate us from Russian territory in the Bering Strait and those fifty miles are every year crossed by natives from Siberia, and from this country. . . . As a result of this proximity, we have especially close scientific interests with Russia. . . . What we need more than anything else, I would like to say, and as I have heard Russians say, is closer cooperation between our American scientists and explorers—a scientific alliance." Dr. Hrdlicka's death closed a rich and productive life; he will be deeply mourned wherever culture and freedom reign.

B-z-z-z!

RECENTLY we read about a man who earned his living by letting mosquitoes bite him. We thought it was a rather silly occupation until a few days ago when we realized from press reports that there was good sense to it after all. Laboratories have for a long time been hunting for a mosquito repellant, a search that became urgent when large numbers of our troops began coming down with malaria in the mosquito-infested jungle areas. Our quinine sources having been cut off by the Japanese capture of Java, which supplied ninety-five percent of the drug, army and navy surgeons in collaboration with civilians began synthesizing new compounds to act primarily as preventives. Now they have discovered a new chemical to keep the insect from buzzing its way onto the skin and transmitting the dread plasmodium into the blood stream. Known as 612, the formula is more powerful than anything that has been used heretofore. Soldiers and marines have already begun to use the new compound as a safeguard. Malaria has been one of the great afflictions of mankind with an annual world toll in death of 10,000,000, and it is easy to see that 612 has a big job of life-saving before it.

Who's Carousing?

WHOEVER designed that advertisement should be interned in the vaults of the banks that sponsored it. Recently it appeared in several metropolitan papers under the auspices of the Savings Banks of New York State. It was called "a tragedy in five parts" or, like the double titles of some Victorian novels, "here today and gone tomorrow." As during the last war, says the ad, what is here today is boozing, carousing, and high life on the part of millions to whom the war is supposedly the goose that lays golden eggs. But tomorrow—and this is where the stern moral comes in—there may be the same harassing depression that followed 1918. So save your money, boys, for those rainy days. We have no complaint to make about thrift, and if New York's savings banks want to conduct a little propaganda for putting every "spare dime and dollar" in their strong boxes—we of course prefer bonds—that's okay too. But it is a cheap and tawdry stunt to depict the nation guzzling champagne, lifting the roofs off night clubs, squandering hard-earned cash on ladies for an evening. It gives morale a kick in the belly and can only hurt the spirit of our men in the training camps and in the battle areas. Furthermore, it just isn't true. The drawings that accompany the layout may be funny to some deranged minds but they strike us as being in the worst possible taste. And if all this is the only thing savings banks can create by way of drumming up business, then Elmer Davis ought to get busy and restrain the stiff-collared gentlemen from making perfect asses of themselves.

NM SPOTLIGHT

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Mackinac Island Versus 'One World'

An Editorial

MACKINAC ISLAND, Mich., is not geographically so far removed from the wartime grime and sweat of the nation's war effort. But politically and spiritually this swanky resort might as well be Shangri-La. As such it was an appropriate spot for the meditations of the members of the Republican Postwar Advisory Council who, as we noted last week, were faced with the vast and difficult problem of adopting a position without taking a stand. In such a place and on such a weekend—Labor Day—the temptation is great to loaf and invite one's soul. But be it said of the GOP thinkers that they did not loaf and they invited Rep. Clare Hoffman, friend of fascists and indicted seditionists, to give them of his wisdom. The results speak for themselves. And lest there be any doubt Hoffman also speaks for them—"As an America Firster," he said, commenting on the so-called "Mackinac Charter." "I'm satisfied with it."

The Mackinac Island conference was designed to frame what Turner Catledge in the New York *Times* calls "a cover-all declaration on foreign policy" in order to "nullify the disruptive effect of Wendell L. Willkie's highly active espousal of American participation in postwar international collaboration." Behind Willkie's espousal is the preponderant sentiment of the Republican rank and file and of the nation. It is obvious that the least sensible way of attempting to stop an irresistible force is to engage in head-on contact with it. That is why the GOP conference rejected the horse-and-buggy tactics of Hearst, McCormick, and Taft and resorted to what might be called the flanking semi-embrace, semi-brushoff.

The weasel words about "responsible participation by the United States in postwar cooperative organization," the backward glances that envisage conflict between international cooperation and national interests, in which event our policy should be "constitutionalism"—all this commits no one to anything. In fact, if one goes back twenty-three years to the Republican 1920 platform on which Harding was elected, the resemblance is startling. For the best characterization of the GOP foreign policy statement we are indebted to a source strongly biased in favor of the defeatist outlook that dominates the Republican Postwar Advisory Council, John O'Donnell of Captain Patterson's New York *Daily News*. It is, wrote O'Donnell, "so trickily drawn that it can mean anything you want to read into it. In other words, it is a politician's delight."

There were two breaks in this desert of dreary shibboleths: Clarence Budington Kelland's plan for a postwar trusteeship by the four major powers, and Governor Tom Dewey's proposal for a formal Anglo-American alliance. But they proved to be mirages. The Kelland plan, as we pointed out in our September 7 issue, employs the idea of international collaboration as a facade for truculent, aggressive imperialism which would actually isolate the United States and convert all its friends into enemies. The Dewey proposal was a trial balloon that he sent up at a press conference and then put into storage. By its emphasis on what appeared to be an *exclusive* Anglo-American alliance, with the participation of the Soviet Union and China mentioned only as a polite "hope," Mr. Dewey's suggestions have strong imperialist overtones which can only arouse distrust among our allies. In fact, Rep. Clare Boothe Luce has now come forward with a claim to original sponsorship of an Anglo-American alliance in her anti-British, anti-Soviet anti-Roosevelt "globaloney" speech last June 24, a speech that made her an idol of the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson axis.

THE resolution on domestic problems adopted by the Mackinac Island conference has been put together out of bits and pieces from Alf Landon's 1936 speeches and the more recent works of Herbert Hoover and Clare Hoffman. Here the cautious flank attack is replaced by the direct assault on the administration's domestic war policies in the hope of exploiting difficulties in order to stir up popular feeling against the Commander-in-Chief. The statement's own solutions, present and future, are as vague as its vituperation is loud, and its patronizing references to labor betray its reactionary inspiration.

What is most disturbing about the Mackinac Island conference are the evidences that Willkie supporters are attempting a reconciliation with the defeatist elements in the Republican Party. Such exponents of the Willkie win-the-war position as Governor Baldwin of Connecticut and Senator Austin of Vermont voted for both of the conference resolutions, and the resolutions have been endorsed by the New York *Herald Tribune*. This kind of partisan unity (which has nothing in common with national unity) is based on verbal concessions by the Hoover-Taft crowd and *political* concessions by the Willkieites. Mr. Willkie himself, by abandoning such war issues as the second front and the strengthening of the United Nations coalition, and by concentrating largely on postwar questions, has permitted his GOP enemies to wage the battle on ground that is most favorable to them. The tides in our country and everywhere are running against those whose whole history is tarred with appeasement and reaction. To attempt to compress *One World* into the framework of the Mackinac Charter is fatally to misjudge the dynamic forces that are shaping the destiny of man.

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THE ITALIAN SURRENDER

By the Editors

LAST week was one of those small areas of time packed and stuffed with historic events which took years to prepare. Out of it came the strong omen of the impending demise of fascism as a world affliction. Even two years ago the balance of affairs was such that no one could foretell the outcome for the democracies with any degree of confidence. Now Italy has crumbled and with it are toppling faster all those "managerial revolutions," those conceptions of statehood which so entranced the bourbons everywhere and brought a niagara of tears and blood.

But Italy is not a vacuum. There is an Italian renaissance in the making, another *risorgimento* out of which will leap a rich future. For it is the Italian people, certainly the most forward-looking sectors, to whom a very large credit must be accorded for the eclipse of Mussolini and the surrender of Badoglio. A disheartened and frustrated ruling class played a part. The future of Italy, however, does not rest any longer in its hands except as it may be willing to swim along in the currents that sweep the country. Its members awoke late, too late.

It is the plain Italian people, the peasants on their wretched acres in the south and the workers in the north, who, with Allied military help, lifted the curse of the fasces.

It was they who created and nourished the Italian National Front and it is they who uncovered the treason by which the nation's honor was betrayed and Italy made a piece of real estate among other parcels in the Hitler domain. The Front of five parties worked above and below ground. It promoted the strikes that stormed large cities. And one can measure the courage which such projects took by remembering that the penalty for disobedience under the corporative structure was slow death in prison or execution by a firing squad. In the first six months of this year almost 300,000 workers left the plants of the factory towns to demonstrate for peace. Thousands of leaflets were slipped into doorways, distributed to tell the truth under a system whose chief enemy was the truth. In the army an anti-fascist newspaper, *La Parola del Soldato*, was passed from hand to hand and read eagerly. And there even was an ideological organ published illegally by Italian Communists to heighten and enrich the whole course of the struggle against fascism.

It was the National Front and its program that undermined Mussolini and Badoglio. Its supporters linked themselves to us as powerful civilian divisions. It was we who demanded unconditional surrender from Badoglio and it was they who despite his tyrannies moved heaven and earth to bring it about from within. No one will ever know how much longer Victor Emmanuel's minister would have stalled had not the movement in the north harassed and badgered him.

There is a debt we, therefore, owe the people of Italy for helping to shorten the war in the Mediterranean. It is crucial to remember this obligation because it must become the pivot of our dealings with the Italians. Our high command has already appealed to the Italian transport workers to sabotage German communications and supply lines. Here is a hint of how much we shall have to lean on Italians for the success of the military campaign. To win them as unstinting allies ours must be a policy of encouraging their will to complete their democratic revolution, their deep search for a self-determined future.

SUCH an enterprise as AMG has outlived its usefulness if ever it had any. It was an undemocratic makeshift in the first place and its origin was in the false belief that fascism had so exhausted Italians that they could not map their own destinies. Even Mr. Churchill recently felt that it was the Italians' own fault for permitting their "freedom and inherent rights to pass out of their hands" under the pouting duce. But the evidence bespeaks the contrary. Italian devotion to freedom was smothered for two decades. Never was it crushed and at the first opportunity it vigorously bounded to the surface. This is what those who devised AMG forgot or disregarded if they knew it.

Badoglio therefore must not receive an iota of support from any source. His brief strutting is finished. There is but one course open: to collaborate with the Italian people's movement for a genuinely democratic regime; to blend our battles with theirs. Any other approach is laden with disaster. As a result of the Darlan fiasco and the feeble recognition of the French Committee every one of our political moves abroad is scrutinized. And there is much for which we must make amends.

But in the last analysis it was our military operations, however conservatively planned, that kindled the Italian flame. Sicily, North Africa, the bombardments—all these paved the way for the surrender. But no accounting would be realistic if the mammoth and overshadowing contribution of the Red Army were not emphasized. As we have noted before, Hitler could no more help Badoglio than he could Mussolini. The bulk of the Wehrmacht was riveted down in the east and when Mussolini returned from the Verona conference empty-handed, surrender was in the cards. The alternative for the Nazis was also clear. If they had to give up the peninsula then it must be done by delaying an Allied attack—a strategy to which Badoglio and his collaborators readily lent themselves.

It was a penny-wise and pound-foolish military policy on our part when we delayed landing on the peninsula for almost six weeks after Mussolini's fall. The surrender would have come sooner had we not hesitated. But somewhere the belief prevailed that we should attack at our leisure. The calculation apparently was that Badoglio would deliver the goods in the long run—so why rush into battle? Meanwhile the Nazis prepared and now we will have to pay much more heavily for waiting—waiting in the fantastic belief that it would save lives.

In reality this vacillation will cost dearly just as it has cost a large number of Russian lives. For it was the Russians who prevented the shipment of more Nazis to Italy and hampered Hitler from making more effective dispositions of the handful of Wehrmacht divisions already there. And in a war of coalition we must count our Allies' lives as carefully as we do the lives of our own boys. Our strengths are interdependent and a weakening of one is a weakening of all.

But all this can be the proverbial water over the dam if we stop fighting a war of limited commitments and embark on full blown coalition strategy. The Italian surrender was a joint victory as the armistice acknowledges. But it was achieved at a minimum of coalition fighting with the burden carried by the Red forces. Now it is Germany that must be faced directly. For it was Mr. Churchill himself who recognized that "Italy is, or rather it was, perhaps one-tenth of the power of Germany." These are perceptive words and the manner in which the partial victory in Italy thus far can be exploited to the utmost is not through Italy alone. Nor can

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Germany be beaten by super-cautious operations in which we expect that for every bullet fired ten Nazis will drop. Hitler from all reports has already determined the number of expendable troops he will use on the peninsula. One commentator in the Soviet army paper, *Red Star*, estimates them to be hardly more than four or five divisions. Since that commentator wrote, shortly before Badoglio's capitulation, several more divisions may have been sent in through the Brenner Pass. In any event whatever new Nazi troops are there were not shifted from the Eastern Front but from the Balkans and France. They do not by any stretch of the imagination comprise fifty or sixty divisions because if that were the case the Nazi command would have sent them sooner, in time to save Mussolini early in July. And yet that is the number of divisions the Allies must draw away from the Eastern Front before coalition warfare can be considered a reality.

And as long as we are engaging only the smallest fraction of the Wehrmacht, we have not embarked on a second front. Western France is the heart of that front. For here Hitler knows is the shortest and easiest highway to Berlin and he has concentrated there the core of whatever forces he could spare from the East. The longer the delay, then, in striking at these western fortifications the more time do the Nazis have in strengthening them. It will cost a good deal to breach them now. It will cost even more later—unless there are those who think that if we wait long enough the elements alone will erode the Wehrmacht. The trouble with such an idea is that sand and wind and rain do not work exclusively for us and that the erosion may start on the wrong side of the water. It is time then that the rehearsals across the Channel came to an end and the real show was put on the boards. There was never anything more basic in the English language than the three words—second front now.

THIS is the only way to end the impasse of the coalition. There is no doubt that the fact of the Soviet Union's participation in the signing of the Armistice augurs well for further joint action on many unsettled questions which are not in the exclusive interest of Washington and London. And if a minimum of military cooperation could bring such momentous results in the Mediterranean, a maximum of joint effort would make a German armistice by Christmas more than a probability.

Italy

This stirring poem by William Cullen Bryant underscores the traditional interest of the American people in Italian freedom. It was written in 1860, the year in which the great patriot leader Garibaldi undertook the task of liberating the south of Italy. On May 6 Garibaldi, with about 1000 volunteers, embarked at Genoa, bent on the conquest of Sicily and Naples. Performing miracles of valor, Garibaldi and his small band succeeded in their mission. It is in the name of Garibaldi that the Italian people are today joining with the United Nations in ridding their country of the hated Nazis and their Italian fascist accomplices.

This was not the only occasion on which Bryant manifested his interest in the theme of Italian freedom. His address on "Italian Unity" in 1871 and his speech on "Mazzini" in 1878 (his last public address) looked forward to the day "when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind."

Voices from the mountains speak,
Apennines to Alps reply;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old-remembered cry:
"Italy
Shall be free!"
Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
Quiver at that quickening word;
Como with a thrill awakes;
Garda to her depths is stirred;
Mid the steeps
Where he sleeps,
Dreaming of the elder years,
Startled Thrasymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
Murmur freedom to their meads.
Tiber swift and Liris slow
Send strange whispers from their reeds.
"Italy
Shall be free!"
Sing the glittering brooks that slide,
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;
Brutus perished long ago;
Yet the living roots remain
Whence the shoots of greatness grow,
Yet again,
Godlike men,
Sprung from that heroic stem,
Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
They who chase the mountain-boar,
Or, where cliff and billow meet,
Prune the vine or pull the oar,
With a stroke
Break their yoke;
Slaves but yestereve were they—
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,
While his own with gladness flash,
"These," the Umbrian father cries,
"Ne'er shall crouch beneath the lash!
These shall ne'er
Brook to wear
Chains whose cruel links are twined
Round the crushed and withering mind."

Monarchs! Ye whose armies stand
Harnessed for the battle-field!
Pause, and from the lifted hand
Drop the bolts of war ye wield.
Stand aloof
While the proof
Of the people's might is given;
Leave their kings to them and Heaven!

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
As the fresh winds of the west
Blow the misty valleys clear.
Stand and see
Italy
Cast the gyves she wears no more
To the gulfs that steep her shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

BATTLE FOR ITALY

AT THIS writing the Allied Italian campaign is one week old, a little older than the surrender of Italy, which had been pre-arranged when the first invasion barge struck the beach near Reggio di Calabria. Thus the Italian campaign is not being waged against Italy, but against Germany, from the long range point of view, and against whatever German armed forces there are in Italy, from the immediate point of view.

The campaign started at El Alamein almost a year ago. It developed into our landing in North Africa. Both its elements merged in Tunisia, pushed across Sicily, and now have reached the southern inflamed and rotting appendix of Europe.

The Allied High Command, reportedly under the influence of Churchill, adopted a Mediterranean strategy more than a year ago, completely disregarding the mortal danger facing the Soviet Union at the time. It was a supreme compliment the Allied leaders paid the Red Army—by obviously never doubting that it would stand up in the struggle practically single-handed against the German war machine.

But while the Allied command was fixing its attention and efforts on a Mediterranean strategy, the German High Command remained obdurate in its appraisal of the Mediterranean theater of war as of secondary importance. Hitler continued to pump divisions into the salients at Stalingrad and Vladikavkaz, but refused Rommel a few divisions which could have changed the whole picture radically.

True, there is some divergence of opinion as to what we are after. Mr. Walter Lippmann writing on September 11 in the New York *Herald Tribune*, says: "The battle for Italy is truly, as General Eisenhower has said, a main action for the decision and not a skirmish on the perimeter. The number of troops involved is no true measure of its importance. For our object is not, as the vulgar saying goes, to kill Germans, but to crush the military power of Germany." On the other hand, an editorial next day in the New York *Times* said: "General Eisenhower has made it clear that he is less interested in the occupation of territory, however important strategically, than in the destruction of as much of the German Army as he can bring within range of his guns. Such a policy, wherever carried out, is the best answer to the Russians and the best means of frustrating Hitler's desperate hope of salvaging something from the wreck of his empire."

It is the fervent and devout hope of this writer that the New York *Times* is the one that interprets Eisenhower's ideas best, for it is precisely the "vulgar" thing that must be done now, in the fall of 1943, to bring the European phase of the war to a pre-Yule conclusion. We will never tire of repeating that "in principle" the war against the Axis is won, and that the important thing is to clinch the complete defeat of the Axis as soon as possible. In order to do this a lot of Germans will have to be killed before the end of the year, even if it seems "vulgar" to Mr. Lippmann.

THERE is little doubt that the invasion of Italy came about a month later than was necessary. The plea of preparation is hardly valid, for the plans must have been drawn up simultaneously with those of the invasion of Sicily. It is hardly probable that we expected to stop in Messina. Had it come earlier, the invasion would have completely frustrated the German bid for military control of Italy, and the "layer-cake" condition now prevalent in that country might have been avoided. The battle for Italy might have been crystallized and the dispersal of our forces in countless small sectors and small battles might possibly have been avoided. Aside from that—and this is quite important—we might have seized the Italian merchant marine before the Germans seized Genoa; and that would have been of greater *immediate* benefit to us than the acquisition of the Italian fleet, which we cannot use for some time anyway.

However, there is no use crying over spilt milk now. Instead, let us see what the Italian situation is today, what are its benefits and possibilities—especially in terms of quickly concluding the war. It may be generally said that in all probability we will be in control of Italy from the "calf" down, within a few days, which means that south of the Naples-Foggia line everything will be under the control of the US Fifth Army (General Clark) and the British Eighth Army (General Montgomery) with the Canadians. The "joker" of the situation is the US Seventh Army (General Patton), which is unaccounted for so far but will certainly appear on the scene before long.

In the lower part of Italy we will have a lot of grapes and olives, but not much else. Our control of the ports of Taranto, Brindisi, and Bari, in view of a total absence of any enemy fleet in the Mediterranean, is not much of a prize. If we move northwestward, crawling along the Appennines like the proverbial Dragon of Ravenna, of Guelf-and-Ghibelline times, we will not need these ports much since Naples will be handier for us. On the other hand, if we decide upon a move into the Balkans across the Adriatic, it will be an amphibious operation and we will certainly have to move our convoys straight from Africa without transporting them from western to eastern Italian ports by land.

From the Naples-Foggia line we will have to move 300 miles up an awkward corridor, some 100 miles wide on the average, before we come up frontally against the first important German position, which will probably be set up along the line of the mountains from Spezia to, say, Rimini. A second line will likely start from Genoa, along the Trebbia and the Po to Porto Tolle in the mouths of the Po. The first line will be an intermittent one because of the mountains, some 135 miles long. The second will be continuous, about 150 miles.

It is clear that more than twenty divisions on either side can hardly be deployed here. Furthermore, our side would scarcely be able to put more than that ashore in Italy; after all, our lines of communications to Italy are not twenty miles long, not even 400 miles long, but 2,500 miles long, because North Africa produces little but political troubles and *our base remains in England.*

On the battle line stretching from the Gulf of Liguria to the Gulf of Venice, the Germans will be fighting with an overland line only 200 miles long (from Berchtesgaden to Verona, for instance) while we will have 2,500 sea miles and 200-300 land miles of communications behind us. It is clear that our fighting will be restricted in volume. The Germans know this and will not pump into Italy a single division from the Eastern Front.

FURTHERMORE, the Germans understand that the position in the northern Appennines and the one along the Po are only forward positions and that they can always fall back on the Alps—French Maritime, Swiss, Carnic, and Julian. Their front may be split in such a retreat, but neutral Switzerland, whom the Allies will probably hesitate to violate, would fill the 200-mile gap.

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If we push the Germans up to the Alps, a long and difficult operation, we will face the final necessity of attacking in the direction of the Rhine, anyway, *i.e.*, from French soil. (In this connection Frederick Engels' article "The Po and the Rhine" makes very interesting reading. Written in 1859, it analyzes the then prevalent argument of the Prussian General Staff, that "the Rhine must be defended on the Po." The argument was based, of course, on the danger of French attack along the Rhine.)

Whatever the Germans do in Italy, they will fight only delaying rear guard actions south of the Genoa-Ferrara line.

THUS the Italian campaign bids fair to consume a lot of time, but occupy few troops on both sides. Time is the only thing the Germans play for now, strategically speaking. So a campaign by us directed against Northern Italy should not be distasteful to them. It is a campaign, however, that nets us quite a few advantages.

First, we got most of the Italian Navy. True, that is a long range advantage because, as I have said, we will not be able to use it for many months. However, it will come in handy later on, probably against Japan. As to the Germans, they would not have been able to use the Italian fleet because they have no crews trained for it. The fleet itself would not have fought, anyway. So in itself it was definitely not worth the campaign. It scared pre-Churchill England in 1935, but it has not scared anybody since.

Second, we will acquire air bases in Italy which will permit us to reach certain regions in Germany and some occupied countries much more easily. But this is an advantage in the realm of air warfare alone. It is not a decisive advantage, just as aerial warfare is not decisive.

Third, we can invade Yugoslavia from Italy. The Army of Liberation in Bosnia, Croatia, and Montenegro holds territory equal to the territory of Switzerland. It can provide us with an initial *place d'armes* which might permit us to deploy for an attack on the Sava front. But the terrain is difficult and the communications appalling. Thus our forces will be very limited and so will the forces of our opponent.

Fourth, is an advantage that is being loudly advertised. The campaign in Italy is supposed to have opened the Mediterranean route to the Middle and Far East. That, however, is not a real advantage, because the Mediterranean has been open anyway ever since Sicily was conquered.

To sum up: the Italian campaign has yielded and will yield some important advantages, but it is not a second front and does not bid fair to set one up in the near future.

SINCE the day we invaded Sicily, the Red Army has destroyed 5,729 enemy planes, 8,400 tanks, 5,912 guns, and 28,000 motor vehicles. It has captured 1,041 tanks, 2,018 guns, and 7,853 motor vehicles. The Germans lost during this period 420,000 officers and men killed and 38,600 prisoners. All in all, about 1,500,000 Germans were put out of the fight in one way or another. The Red Army advanced 100 miles along the Orel-Mohilev line, 110 miles along the Kursk-Kiev line, ninety miles along the Belgorod-Poltava line and 120 miles along the Voroshilovgrad-Zaporozhie line. A truly gigantic battle for a decision.

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Carl Ruthven Offord

AMERICA'S GHETTOS

WHAT is happening in race-ridden America is what happened in Germany, and in France, when fascism was stamping itself into power. In Europe there were pogroms against the Jews, and Communists, and Catholics. In Detroit, in Los Angeles, and in other American cities the pogroms have started, against Negroes, against Mexicans.

The pogrom and the ghetto go together and are trade marks of fascism. Here, they're imprinted on Detroit, and in the very existence of ghetto Harlem.

It should be clearly understood that the pogroms and revolts we are having on the home front are a part of the war itself. Hitler's guerrilla forces in America, at work long before the declaration of war, have decided on a course of open violence. Their actions are calculated to:

(1) Disrupt the production of war materials for the military front; (2) Create panic, and a state of chaos on the home front; (3) Win a negotiated peace for European fascism; (3) Substitute fascism for American democracy.

To date, they have had a great amount of success. On the legislative front they pushed over a landslide of reactionary victories. On the military front they have succeeded so far in delaying the real second front. On the war production and social front they've sown and reaped war-crippling strikes through John L. Lewis, and revolts and pogroms.

In Detroit, and other war centers, race hatred was the weapon used to prevent Negro Americans from contributing their all toward the war program. The eggs laid by the Ku Klux Klan and other pro-fascist groups were hatched in days of pillage and bloodshed, the effects of which will be felt for the duration and after. Then came Harlem.

The case of Harlem is signal, especially because it was *not like Detroit* in its ultimate results.

WHAT prevented Harlem from being another Detroit was a difference in democratic strength. It wasn't that the guerrillas of Hitler overlooked Harlem. Only last January, Christian Fronter Joseph Hartery, (pal of the notorious Joe McWilliams) was sentenced for pro-Japanese and pro-Hitler activity in Harlem. But in New York democracy was relatively strong, its strength reflecting in its city administration. An outspoken apologist for the Ku Klux Klan like Detroit's Attorney William Dowling was absent. Instead of a Mayor Jefferies there was a Mayor La-Guardia. New York had a Commissioner Valentine who enforced police restraint, and not a John E. Witherspoon whose police shot. 17 Negroes and countenanced the white mobs in their fascist attacks on Negroes. New York had effective democratic strength. That was the difference.

That there was a Harlem outbreak at all can be laid to the fact that our democratic strength was inappropriately focused

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on the home front problems, as they particularly relate to the Negro people. That is the answer. New York's progressive mayor, himself, should realize by now that the padlocking of the Savoy Ballroom was an act that aided Hitler's guerrillas and not the anti-fascists of New York. That historic institution of Harlem was closed, chiefly to discourage social harmony between whites and Negroes, and to the Negro people it was but another act of fascism. Then the mayor sanctioned Stuyvesant Town, a Nazi-like project of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., which crassly Jim Crowed Negroes. All of which proved that our mayor's political focus on the war and the Negro people was cock-eyed, to say the least. And the booing he received from the crowds of angry Harlemites emphasized it.

Though aware of our democratic strength in New York it will do no good to feel cocky about it. And it will do no good either for us to loudly proclaim *it was not a race riot*. When we do this we blind ourselves to the deep cancer in which the guerrillas of Hitler operate.

Inescapably, any rioting by Negroes is a "race riot." It happens that every breath the Negro draws is constricted and graded by the pigmentation of his skin. From the house he lives in to the thoughts he thinks, all is on a "racial" basis. And this was plain enough in the Harlem outbreak. A white cop, historically not their guardian but their oppressor, shoots a Negro soldier who is historically called upon to fight and die for a democracy that is denied him. The "race" element in that can't be wished away. It is a thing too basic in American life and any attempts to gloss over it would boomerang against our best efforts.

There wasn't marked violence against white civilians because the Negro draws a line between white cops and white civilians. He sees the cop as an oppressor of the white civilian also. Had the outbreak been touched off by violence between black and white civilians, the character of it would have been of a much more glaring stripe.

What actually happened in Harlem was not a riot, but a revolt. Not merely a revolt against police brutality but a revolt against the whole structure of ghetto life. It was a "race" revolt against the fascist theories that perpetuate a Jim Crow Army and a Jim Crow way of life. Unless we see this clearly we will again be unable to avert another March 19, 1935, and another Aug. 1, 1943.

This Harlem happening was a revolt against all traces of Jim Crow and color discrimination. It was against lynching, against food and rent profiteering in the war crisis which is always infinitely steeper in a ghetto. It was a revolt of desperation, fed in part by the landslide defeats of social legislation in the last session of Congress.

In the eight intervening years since the 1935 outbreak the Negro in Harlem and elsewhere has grown about 800 percent in political consciousness. The programs for improving his ghetto which were advocated then (and never fulfilled) cannot suffice for today. The Negro demands more. Much more. For him, the time is already past for heads of the armed forces to "seriously consider" the creation of a mixed unit. It runs much deeper now. Ideas for patching up the ghetto must give way now to the idea of abolishing the ghetto altogether. This is the democratic necessity of the moment, and the Negro people are ready to go all out for it.

THIS is a war to do away with the ghettos of the world, the Negro is told. And he believes it. And he believes that it should mean in America too. He is determined to fight and make it mean America too. In the roots of Alabama, and Detroit, and Harlem, runs this new, democratic determination of the Negro people. It is there when he strikes back at his attacker. It is there when he smashes Harlem businesses and puts a match to the rat-infested tenements. It is in his eyes when he looks at a Jim Crow soldier, and it is there when he hears about the atrocities of Camp Stewart, Ga.

This new determination of the Negro can be felt in the air. Everybody is growing aware of it. Many "well-meaning" Americans who haven't as yet lost their false beliefs and prejudices are frightened by it. Others, the progressive trade unions especially, are consciously helping the democratic process of integration on the economic front. Hitler's guerrillas are conscious of this new determination of the Negro and are resolved to down it in fascist violence. It is for our national, state, and city leaders to understand it and champion it. It is for our people's leaders to clearly understand it for what it is: the war against fascism on the home front. Our people's leaders must grasp this democratic determination for the aid that it is to the whole global war, for the weapon that it is against Hitler's guerrillas in America. The democratic sentiment and determination of the Negro is crying for appropriate leadership. In the absence of organized help from his Negro and white leaders and allies there will inevitably be more blind and desperate Harlems. And there will be more fascist-organized defeats as in Detroit.

Hitler's guerrillas are strongly entrenched, and they too constantly receive aid from our local officials and from officials high up in our Washington Administration. The proposal of Attorney General Francis Biddle that Negroes be barred from industrial areas is a case in point. Whose side is Biddle on? The guerrillas of Hitler? In the economic integration of Negroes Attorney Biddle, it would seem, fearfully sees a growth of democracy, even as he sees it in the presence of a man like Harry Bridges. This latest cry of Biddle's is a war cry, not just against the Negro people but against the unity of the whole American nation. It fits snugly into his do-nothing policy in the lynching of Negro soldiers.

It is for New York, and democrats everywhere, to resolutely answer Attorney Biddle, not on the defensive but the offensive. Abolish the ghetto! should be our answering cry.

Is the abolition of the ghetto too difficult a task? In Philadelphia, this is a plank of Jules C. Abercauph, running against William C. Bullitt in the mayorality elections.

Is it too much to expect of New York with its fortress of trade unions, its progressive city officials, its array of liberals? We give the lives of our sons to the abolition of ghettos in Europe. How well are we fighting for the abolition of the Harlem ghetto? How many democratic New Yorkers have fought for the right of Negroes to move out of the segregated pit that is Harlem and into their white streets, their white apartment houses?

The institution of a mixed unit in our armed forces would constitute a tremendous stroke for morale. But the source of the trouble is in the ghetto system of American life. The existence of Harlem, as such, remains a permanent source of victory for fascism. The ghetto in our midst is like a stagnant pool, periodically a bubbling volcano. While it remains it is all to the benefit of Hitler's guerrillas in America.

Mr. Offord is a young Negro writer, author of the novel "The White Face."

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

THE CHIEF OF STAFF REPORTS

Washington.

THE biennial report submitted by Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the US Army to Secretary of War Stimson reviews a critical period in our national history and fills in many of the details which up to now have of necessity remained secret. General Marshall recalls the serious lack of trained men and adequate material confronting the nation when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. He has retold, with many revealing facts, the brave story of the defense of Bataan and the dramatic mobilization of our forces in the Pacific which in the short period of eight months wrested the initiative in the Far East. He has described the organization and execution of the North African campaign, which raised complex problems of transportation and supply and proved in action the excellence of coordination among all branches of our armed forces in conjunction with the armed forces of our British ally.

The speed and sureness of American mobilization for total war justifies a warm feeling of national pride. The year 1942 opened with a series of terrible defeats and ended with the launching of a great and successful offensive, and with our navy and air force in command of most of the Pacific. General Marshall's report, issued simultaneously with the unconditional surrender of Italy, records the response of a healthy democracy whose integrity and security were challenged by aggression and tyranny.

BUT having derived solid satisfaction from our country's accomplishment, it is also necessary to weigh General Marshall's report more critically. For all the factual details, the report is a tale told in a singular vacuum. It is a survey of Anglo-American collaboration, of Anglo-American unity of command, of careful planning with our British ally, but at no time does it take cognizance of the central problem of the world struggle—the imperative need for coalition warfare. Here is the Chief of Staff of the US Army seemingly oblivious of the opportunity to squeeze the Nazi enemy in a vise from which there can be no escape. Here is a description of the American race to organize, train, and equip armies for the offensive without the slightest recognition that the breathing space granted the United States was made possible by the Red Army's stand before Moscow and by the winter campaign of 1941-42. In a note headed "Japanese Miscalculations," the Chief of Staff acknowledges that "The main miscalculation of the Japanese was the apparent expectation that the Russian Army would collapse under the German grand assault then under way against Moscow which ended in the first winter fiasco." (This passing remark throws light on the role of the Soviet Union in the Far East, and provides an answer to those who talk glibly and dishonestly about a second front in Asia. By pinning down the bulk of the Japanese Army in Manchuria and along the Siberian border, the USSR greatly eased the pressure on the American, British, Chinese, and Dutch forces.) But aside from this brief remark and one or two similar and all-too grudging references to the Red Army, General Marshall's report is bare of any discussion of the relationship of the Soviet-German front to the Anglo-American war effort.

EVEN the most casual reading of General Marshall's report gives the impression that the American Chief of Staff views the war against the Axis as primarily an Anglo-American problem, aided to a degree in the Far East by the Chinese, and in Europe by the French. But the failure to see the relationship between the military successes of the Anglo-American alliance and the major contribution made by the Soviet Union in containing and wearing down almost the entire armed strength of Germany and her satellites (including Italy) is at best unrealistic. Involved is not merely the desirability of giving credit where credit is due. It is far more the crucial lack of comprehension as to the meaning and perspective of coalition warfare, a lack which can so becloud the task ahead that the consequences can prove disastrous to the anti-Axis nations.

No one can expect General Marshall to discuss publicly any plan for opening the second front; yet is it asking too much to hope for some recognition of the need for such a front? Cannot the Chief of Staff also be expected to indicate his awareness that the splendid cooperation achieved between the British and American chiefs of staff only makes additionally urgent that this collaboration be extended to include the Soviet staff which has engaged the full weight of the Axis armies? The few figures General Marshall gives of lend-lease shipments to the USSR cause the New York *Times* gleefully to argue "how tremendous the help has been that we have already given to Russia." Undoubtedly lend-lease has been extremely useful to our Soviet ally. But shipment of tanks and jeeps, trucks and planes in considerable numbers still does not achieve coalition warfare. Nor is the issue "help to Russia," but rather how to win the war totally and without delay.

While General Marshall admits the Red Army is engaging four-fifths of the Nazi armed strength (hurriedly amended just before the report was released to two-thirds, the necessity of conducting the war in coalition with the Soviets rather than parallel with the Red Army finds no expression in the general's report, and the issue of the second front is dismissed casually with the assurance that everything will be done "to hasten the hour of victory . . . without undue sacrifice of the lives of our men." Delay in coming to grips with Hitler's main forces outside Russia—those in the West—will in fact mean increased casualties for ourselves and our allies. Nor is it reassuring to read General Marshall's statement: "July 1, 1943, finds the United States Army and Navy united in purpose and operation, a unity shared when the occasion demands by the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Chinese, Dutch, French, and other fighting elements among our friends and supporters." What meaning must be given the Chief of Staff's failure to mention the USSR by name?

GENERAL MARSHALL's report is a cautious and limited document. By its omissions it seems to indicate an incomplete understanding of the tasks ahead. Victory this year awaits the opening of a full scale Western Front, for which the Italian invasion has created even more favorable possibilities. General Marshall proves that everything is at hand—and has been for almost a year—for the needed offensive to annihilate the enemy. What is wanting is the reassurance that the American High Command is thinking in terms of coalition warfare and quick victory.

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INSIDE THE HUT

A short story by Wanda Wasilewska

"GRANNY! I say, Granny!"

Anissia looked up. Natalka was calling to her from the other side of the fence.

"What is it?"

"May I come in for a minute?"

"No reason why you shouldn't. Come in if you want to!" Anissia mumbled in her grouchy way.

Oh, how warm the sun was today! At last her stiff aching bones would get some warmth into them. The good, kind July sun. If only it wouldn't rain any more. The very prospect set her worrying in advance. Rain—no, nothing could be worse. Then every bone in her body ached, shooting with pain, the joints swelled. But when the sun was shining, particularly as it was just now—then things were different. The kind July sun which caressed the earth.

"Granny!"

"What is it now?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Why shouldn't I hear you. . . . Of course, I can hear you," Anissia replied indifferently. That girl's always up to something. . . . Why can't they let an old body rest in peace? One doesn't ask anything from life any more, only a little peace, only a little peace, only to while away the hours before death, which lingered so on the road, would take her.

"Granny," Natalka persisted, "look at me!"

The old woman raised her heavy eyelids reluctantly. Her faded eyes, which seemed covered by a film, peered at the girl.

"Granny, the Germans are coming."

Anissia shrugged her shoulders. She'd heard the rumor for several days running. They were coming, were they? Well, let them come. The Germans at least would let an old bundle of bones like herself die in peace. Let them come for all she cared. Germans—the word itself seemed so remote and, really, meant nothing to her. What was more important was to bask in the sun and feel the pleasant warmth creep through her aching bones. The Germans —let the young people worry about the Germans. . . . What could it matter to an old woman like her. . . .

"Granny, we're going off into the woods."

"Well, go if you want to," Anissia mumbled. "What's that got to do with me? . . . I'm not going with you."

Natalka impatiently caught hold of her arm.

"Don't do that. . . . It hurts. . . . Now see, what. . . ."

"Granny, Granny, now please do listen to me for a minute!"

"I'm listening. . . ."

"Granny, we're going off into the woods. Dad's going and I'm going and so's everybody else!"

"Well, go then. . . . The Germans are coming are they? . . . Then, of course, you must take to the woods. But I'm going to stay here and sun myself. . . ."

"Granny, there are two Red Armymen in our garden."

"Two what?"

"Two Red Armymen. Do you understand me?"

"Yes. . . . But what's that got to do with me? . . . ."

The girl shook her by the shoulders in desperation.

"Granny, you are dozing off again. Do try not to fall asleep."

"I'm not falling asleep. . . . I 'm drowsy, that's all. . . ."

"Granny, are you listening to me? There are two Red Armymen in our garden, in that shed near the plum trees."

"Well, what of it? Have you taken a fancy to one of them?"

Natalka sighed in despair. She squatted down and looking into the faded, bleary old eyes explained to her loudly, stressing each word to the utmost.

"Granny, there are two Red Armymen in our garden. They're wounded. We can't take them with us. They're too sick to be moved. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. . . . They ought to be out in the sunshine. . . ."

"But, Granny, they're badly wounded, do you understand me? We're all clearing out to the woods. The Germans may be here any moment now. . . . Granny, somebody will have to get them a drink of water, take care of them, do you understand?"

"There's nothing much to understand, it there?

"Could you manage to do it?"

"Why not? As long as there'll be a bit of sun and my bones don't ache, I'll manage all right."

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"You haven't forgotten where our shed is?"

"No, of course not. . . ."

"Then you'll take a look at them?"

"Yes, yes, I'll take a look at them."

"Only be careful the Germans don't notice anything. . . ."

"They won't, not a thing. . . . Why should they watch an old woman? And I'll just sort of ramble around and try and edge past those plum trees, past those plum trees. . . ."

"You won't forget, Granny?"

"Why should I forget. . . . Two, you say. . . . They'll be wanting water, and somebody to smooth their pillows for them, and things like that. . . . Some food, I suppose. That's to be expected. . . ."

The girl was overjoyed.

"Yes, yes, Granny. They can't eat just now, poor chaps. . . . But in a day or two, perhaps, when they'll begin to feel a little better. . . ."

"I'll do what I can. . . . I'll bring them some bread or a bite of something else. . . . I'll look after them."

"When will you go?"

"I'll go now, and then later on I'll look in again. . . . Don't worry, everything will be all right, everything will be all right."

"You won't forget?"

The old woman grew angry.

"Now don't be cheeky. Remember once and for all, if Granny Anissia promises something, she keeps her word. What's worrying you? You think Granny Anissia is such an old bundle of bones that she's already worse than useless? Nothing of the sort. . . . As long as there's sunshine I can still do something. . . ."

Natalka patted the trembling, wrinkled hand.

"Well, good-bye, Granny. . . . I'm pretty sure we'll be back again in the village soon . . . but for the time being we've got to make ourselves scarce. We'll keep on pecking at them from the woods."

"That's right," the old woman muttered. "From the woods. . . . Don't worry, you'll find them safe and sound when you get back. . . . I won't forget these boys of yours. . . ."

A voice called from the other side of the fence:

"Natalka! Where are you? Natalka!"

"I'm coming, Dad! I'm coming!"

Her bare feet flashed in the sunlight. Anissia shook her head.

"Just like a frisky young goat. Well, old soul, it's time you looked in on those two. . . ."

SHE struggled to her feet with difficulty. It always cost her an effort to get up. But once she had straightened her back her aching feet bore her along. Leaning heavily on her stick she rambled slowly round the garden. Her half-blind eyes looked for the familiar paths in the glare of sunlight. She could find every one of them blindfolded. She had lived here, on this plot—for how many years? Ninety? Ninety-one? . . .

"No, I've lost count. I've got all the years muddled up. How many of them I've seen."

She rambled around and entered her neighbor's garden. The plum trees grew at the farther corner past the rows of sunflowers and hemp, past the clumps of raspberry bushes. The shed—a tiny little thing covered with straw—was buried under a heap of twigs and branches. She groped around to find the entrance.

"You can hardly find it. . . . They've covered it up so that it's next to impossible to find. . . ."

Two wounded men were lying on some straw. The old woman knelt down and peered at them.

"Why, bless me, they're only youngsters. . . ."

One of the wounded men awoke from the feverish doze into which he had fallen and raised his bandaged head.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Sh! Sh! . . . It's Granny Anissia come to see you. . . . You just lie still and be comfortable. . . ."

"Water. . . ."

"Water? . . . Of course I'll bring you some water, sonny. I'll bring you whatever you need. . . ."

Anissia could not understand where she found the strength. The shooting pain in her legs ceased. . . . She forgot all about it. She drew some water from the well, filled a pitcher and then returned to the garden, to the shed beyond the plum trees.

"Here, have a drink, have a drink, sonny. . . . It's fine water, nice and cold from our own well. Here, have a drink. . . . It's a real life-saver and not just ordinary water."

The second wounded man was tossing about in high fever. She moistened a rag and put it on his burning forehead.

"So an old body can be of some use yet. . . . And Natalka—the way she went at me, the way she went at me. . . . What is there to understand? Who doesn't know that a sick man wants a drink of water . . . and you, sonny, you just lie still and make yourself comfortable. . . . Take it easy for a day or two and then you'll begin to feel better. . . ."

She set the pitcher down near the wounded men and slowly shuffled off to her own hut. Once back, she sat down again on the doorstep and immediately dozed off, tired out by the cares of the day. In her sleep she sensed, as it were, the droning of the sleepy, indolent flies, the heat of the sun, and the bliss as her whole body was suffused with its warmth. The chill of the evening air aroused her. With an effort she shambled off to the wounded men and then again returned to her own hut.

"Well, the day's over at last. . . . And tomorrow it's going to be a fine, clear day too!"

The next morning three men entered her yard. Granny Anissia was not in the least scared by them. What did she care for the Germans? Another few days, perhaps, and death would come for her, death which tarried so long on the way.

She waited calmly. She could hear the harsh sounds of a tongue that was alien to her. Let them gabble for all she cared. . . . All the same she couldn't understand a thing.

They yelled at her but she only smiled goodnaturedly, trying her hardest to get a close look at them to see what they were like. Yes, there were only three of them, three young whipper-snappers, no older than those who were lying in the shed, in the farther corner of her neighbor's garden. Then all of a sudden the thought entered her mind—was there enough water in the pitcher? If only they would go away and leave her in peace; it was high time to have a look at those others. . . . Yes, she would do it on the sly, on the sly, and nobody would notice her. . . . Who, after all, would pay attention to an old soul who could hardly move around?

They yelled and yelled at her, and finally they went away. Anissia thought that was the end of them, but she had barely managed to get up from the doorstep when the yard was full of Germans.

"Is this your hut?"

She raised her arm to shade her eyes from the sunlight. Someone was speaking to her in Ukrainian—in her own native tongue—only the words were pronounced somewhat more harshly and hoarsely. She understood everything the man said. However, she did not feel like talking.

The officer, however, was insistent.

"Speak up, is this your hut?"

"Mine. . . . Why?"

The officers conferred among themselves. Anissia was terribly angry at them because they kept out the sunlight. She snorted angrily through her nose.

"What's that?"

"Nothing. . . . It's nothing. . . ."

"Open the door!"

"Why, it's open," Anissia said in surprise.

"Open it when you're told," the interpreter shouted at her.

Slowly, with many a groan and a moan, she struggled to her feet and, leaning heavily on her stick, entered the hut. The officers crowded after her.

"It's small and stuffy," the colonel said, making a wry face.

"The window can be opened," and one of the subordinate officers dashed forward and pushed the small window. The windowpanes rattled as they flew open into the shady garden still fresh and cool from the morning dew.

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"Ask her where the villagers are," the colonel ordered.

Anissia stood where she was, leaning on her stick, silently taking stock of the strangers.

"How should I know?" she said, shrugging her shoulders at the question of the interpreter. "I'm an old woman, and hardly go out of doors."

"Do you live alone here?"

"Yes, all alone. . . . It's ten years now that I've been alone. . . ."

They left her in peace. They made themselves at home on the bench and the bed and began to talk about something noisily. She remained where she was for a while and then shuffled toward the door. A heavy hand fell on her shoulder and pulled her back. She realized that they would not let her out of the hut. The colonel discussed something at great length with the interpreter.

"Keep an eye on her. She may be old and blind but the devil alone knows what she may be up to. . . . Before you'll know what's what she'll be giving somebody wind that we're here. My orders are not to let her out of the hut, don't lose sight of her for a moment, not for even a moment. . . ."

When the interpreter explained to her that she would have to stay indoors all the time Anissia nodded her head several times in compliance. What difference did it make to her? . . . She was ordered to stay indoors, she'd stay indoors.

SHE clambered up onto the flat top of the stove where she had her bed and fell into a doze. The Germans in the room were talking loudly, laying out maps on the table, quarreling, whistling, making the floor ring with their hobnailed boots. This did not bother her. She kept on dozing. The flies kept up their never-ending drone, doors creaked, soldiers came running in and out. All this reached her as through some thick mist.

But toward evening she grew uneasy. Inside the shed, hidden away under the plum trees, there probably wasn't a drop of water left in the pitcher. The lads were doubtlessly waiting impatiently for Granny Anissia. They could not be expected to know what was going on. What they most likely thought was that the old woman had forgotten them, that she was too lazy to budge. . . .

She was wide awake now and took careful stock of what was going on in the room. It was full of Germans. They crowded around the door, and she could see them pacing to and fro in the passage. A sentry stood on guard at the entrance. No, there was no chance of slipping out unnoticed. Groaning she clambered down from the stove.

"Where are you off to?"

The interpreter appeared suddenly as if from under the ground.

She angrily pushed away his hand with her stick.

"Now, none of that. . . . I do have to go out sometimes. D'you understand?"

He stepped back but outside she noticed that he was following close at her heels. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I declare! Fancy the Germans being afraid of an old woman. . . . Apparently, although I am old, I can still do something. Very well, watch me, watch me. . . ."

She went back to the hut and to her place on the stove. She was anxious over those two. The thought of them weighed heavily on her heart.

"Now Natalka, probably, would have managed to slip out. . . . As for me, an old body like me. . . . What can I do, sonnies, if they won't even let me go out when I do have to, without somebody trailing after me as if I were God knows who. Now what am I to do? What should I do?"

For a long time she tossed and turned on her bed, sighing heavily.

When, at last, she did fall asleep she dreamed of those two. They were asking for water, imploring for water, but there was not a drop of water in the shed. They were calling for her, calling for Granny Anissia, but Granny Anissia did not come.

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The bandage had slipped from one of the wounded men's head but there was nobody there to adjust it. And they were complaining to Natalka that Granny Anissia had not kept her word and Natalka was threatening her with her finger and giving her a bit of her mind and oh! so sternly that the tears welled up in her old eyes. Oh! how loudly they were shouting, how they were crying for water! They were crying so loudly that Anissia awoke with a start. And she instantly felt that something was wrong. She peeped down from the stove and it seemed to her that she must still be dreaming.

The officers were sitting round the table on stools and on the bed. Facing them and supported on either side by soldiers, stood those two from the shed under the plum trees. It seemed to Granny Anissia that the film over her eyes, which had been growing for years, had suddenly cleared. She saw everything so distinctly, far more distinctly than she had for oh! so many years—the bandages on their heads and legs and arms, the many days' growth of dark stubble on their youthful faces. Their eyes burned with a feverish light. Anissia raised herself a little on the stove, her finger nails cutting into the palms of her hands to keep her from crying out aloud.

The colonel was seated in the middle rocking himself in his chair and an enormous, monstrous shadow fluttered on the wall in time with his movements. The kerosene oil lamp threw the light downward and the colonel's eyes were swallowed up in the black shadow cast by the deep sockets. The interpreter was standing at the table near the wounded men. The colonel snapped out a question and the interpreter immediately repeated it in a gruff, hoarse voice:

"What unit do you belong to?"

Granny Anissia could hear everything distinctly as though the plug which for years had seemed stuffed in her ears had gone. Every word reached her clearly and distinctly.

EVEN up there on the stove, Anissia could hear the heavy breathing of the wounded men. They were gasping for air through their parched lips, breathing with an effort. They were swaying on their feet but the hands of the German soldiers held them up roughly but firmly.

"What unit do you belong to?"

They did not answer. The colonel struck the table angrily with his fist.

"Tell them that I won't stand any ceremony, is that clear? Tell them that my advice, my sincere advice to them is to speak. Tell them that I have my own way of dealing with people like them. Ask them what unit they belong to, when was it quartered here, where was it bound for, where did it come from, where the army is, the villagers, in what battles they participated? That's all! Go ahead!"

Anissia caught the ominous threat in his voice. She could feel her heart throbbing ready to burst. It beat as it had not beaten for many, many years and it seemed to the old woman that the men sitting around the table must surely hear the turmoil that was tearing at her breast. But no one so much as glanced in her direction. All eyes were on those two who stood there reeling before the table supported by the rough hands of the soldiers.

"What unit do you belong to?"

The one who was wounded in the head drew a deep breath. Granny Anissia waited to hear what he would say, trembling from head to foot.

"I won't tell you."

"You won't, eh? Now then, Hans, help him out. He can't get the words through his teeth. Do help him out!"

The soldier raised his fist and struck the Red Armyman full in the face. The head bound up in the dirty, blood-caked bandage fell back helplessly. But the wounded man, with a supreme effort of will power, steadied himself.

"I won't tell you."

"Where's the army?"

"I don't know."

"You don't? Now, Hans, just freshen up his memory, freshen it up for him. The poor chap's evidently forgotten. . . . But we'll try and make him remember, oh! yes, we'll do our best to make him remember. . . ."

A blow on the jaw followed, then a second, a third. Fresh blood stains appeared on the bandage. Only with an effort did Anissia suppress the cry that was ready to tear from her throat.

"Where are the villagers?"

"I don't know. . . . I never saw any of them," came the husky reply.

The colonel in a fury crumpled up the papers lying in front of him.

"He never saw any of them, Hans. . . . Just fancy, he never saw any of them. . . . Go on, man, help his eyesight for him. D'you understand, help him so that he should be able to see. . . ."

The Red Armyman fell to the floor. Anissia raised herself. No, it couldn't be, her old eyes were deceiving her! The soldier took out his bayonet. Two others sat on the prostrate man. Then with a careful, almost gentle movement the soldier, Hans, drove the blade into the wounded man's left eye. An inhuman, strangled cry rent the air. It ceased almost immediately.

"Where's the army?"

" I don't know. . . . I won't tell you. . . . You won't get anything out of me," the wounded man replied hoarsely with an effort. The blood trickled down from the eye socket, foamed at his mouth. The colonel got up from behind the table and bent over the dying man. The expression on his face was something akin to curiosity. He kicked the motionless body.

"Ask him for the last time whether he'll speak or not."

The interpreter bent down over the man prostrate on the ground. Granny Anissia heard the blood gurgling in the wounded man's throat. And above this terrible sound she could hear the words coming with an effort, intermingled with groans of pain.

"Then, comrades . . . come rally . . . this last fight . . . let us . . ."

"What's that? What's that?" the colonel asked with interest. "What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean by nothing? He did say something. . . ."

"Something unintelligible. . . ."

"Finish him off," the colonel ordered.

The soldier raised his bayonet.

"Not here," the colonel shouted, "do it outside!"

The soldiers caught hold of the motionless body under the armpits and lugged it toward the door. Anissia saw the helpless legs dragging along the floor leaving a trace of blood the whole length of the room.

SHE sat up, her hand to her heart. Black shadows danced on the walls, hobnailed boots stamped on the floor. Now the second one was standing before the table. He was rocking on his feet. The rough hands of the soldiers supported him.

"Question him."

Anissia hastily hid her head under her quilt. She stuffed up her ears so as not to hear. She pressed her hands to her eyes that she might not see. With a groan she cursed this life of hers that had dragged on for ninety, ninety-one years, and brought her to this night! She cursed her eyes because they had not lost their sight in time, had not become blind for good, because they had seen. She cursed her ears.

Through the quilt the old ears could hear the moans and groans and the same cry repeated in a desperate monotone:

"I don't know! I won't tell you!"

At last, silence fell. But for a long time she could not bring herself to look out from under the quilt. Finally she poked her head out. The Germans, apparently, were preparing to go to sleep, taking off their belts and boots. They adjusted the wooden shutters over the windows, bolted the door. The soldiers were camped outside the hut. A sentry paced up and down in front of the door but the officers evidently trusted no one. The colonel himself inspected the bolt and tried the door and the shutters and he even came up to the stove to see if the old woman was asleep.

Anissia hastily shut her eyes and tried to breathe evenly and quietly.

The lamp was snuffed out. Anissia felt her arms and legs grow stiff.

She waited. Time dragged on slowly,

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oh! so terribly slowly! In the sinister gloom of the room the seconds dragged out into eternity. Time was at a standstill. Anissia's arms and feet were as cold as ice and icy beads of perspiration covered her brow and her back. Still, she had to *do it!*

Somebody was snoring already. Anissia noiselessly sat up on the stove. It seemed to her that she could be seen in the darkness and that every movement she made could be heard. But the Germans were sound asleep. Their wheezing and snoring could be heard from all sides. There they lay sprawling on a rough bedding of straw on the floor. The colonel occupied the bed. She lowered one leg cautiously over the side of the stove. She waited. Nobody stirred. Then the other leg—so far so good. And just as noiselessly and cautiously she let herself down from the stove. If only her heart which was pounding so loudly, just like a tom-tom, did not wake them up.

But no, they were fast asleep, the deep, sound, heavy sleep of weary men. Anissia groped her way to the door. Hardly daring to breathe she turned the key in the lock once more and took it out of the keyhole. After that she tightened up the crossbars on the shutters. What strength there was yet in those trembling, swollen hands! Now the door was shut fast as though with a clamp, and so were the windows. Now nobody would be able to get into the hut, hinder the sleep or disturb the rest of the officers.

She waited for a few minutes. Then she groped around under the bench. Yes, the bottle was in its usual place. It was full to the top. Natalka had brought it only recently from the store and put it there. The bottle was full.

Anissia pulled out the cork. Noiselessly she bent over the bed and slowly, carefully poured some kerosene on the straw at the colonel's feet. Then she stepped back a pace and just as slowly and cautiously poured some kerosene on the floor where the officers were lying, on the threshold, all over the room.

The beams were dry, so were the wooden walls and floor. For how many years had the hut been standing? The woodwork was as dry as straw. Ah, yes, the straw, of course, the straw. . . . She carefully sprinkled the straw bedding on the floor with kerosene.

With trembling fingers she searched for the matches in the niche in the stove. There used to be matches there. There they were, in their usual place. . . .

THROWING the quilt over her head she struck a match. It seemed to her that the crackling of the match rang out louder than a rifle shot. But no, everything was still in the hut, the only sound being the regular snoring of fatigued men, wrapped in heavy slumber. She bent down and applied the lighted match to the floor and could not straighten her back any more. The flame crept swiftly over the straw, darted in and out like a snake among the stalks and then spread everywhere.

Anissia could not tear her eyes away from the flames. She did not feel her kerosene-soaked skirt catch fire.

When one of the sleeping men did at last jump up with a cry the hut already was enveloped in all-devouring, swiftly mounting flames. Someone was pounding desperately at the door.

Granny Anissia struggled to her feet only to pitch headlong into the flames. Her last thought was that the doors and windows were closed, closed ever so tightly and that no one could possibly open them.

WANDA WASILEWSKA.

Wanda Wasilewska is not only a well known writer now living in Moscow, but has the honor of being chairman of the Union of Polish Patriots. While the story above came to us directly from the author, we are sure our readers will be glad to know that it is being published in "The Night of the Summer Solstice," a collection of stories by distinguished Soviet writers selected by Mark Van Doren. The book will be published by Henry Holt & Co., on September 23.

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INCENTIVE PAY THAT PAYS

Lyle Dowling shows how production can be increased with a wage system that's fair to both workers and employers. The test of a workable, just, incentive plan.

THE war needs production. The workers from whom this production must come need wages. Employers, whose cooperation in production is essential, need profits—subjectively, at least. And one place where all three of these needs meet, these days, is in fair incentive wage plans. That is why you are hearing a lot about "incentive"—from the government, from unions, from management specialists, and from employers.

You have heard of the Bedaux system; you may have heard of the Barth, or Diemer, or Dyer, Halsey, Haynes, Rowan, or some other systems. Many of these systems range in scope beyond wage payment systems, but all include some kind of "incentive" wage payment plan.

Incentive for what?

For production, and increased production. All "incentive" systems aim at higher production, and that is why we can get a grasp of what is on the surface a complicated question by seeing how "incentive" to higher production has been handled in mass production industry.

THE original incentive was starvation. That is to say, if you didn't produce enough to satisfy the boss, you lost your job. The first of the rationalist management engineers, Frederick Winslow Taylor, introduced partial starvation into his system—for he had a special "low rate" of pay to be used as "punishment" for workers who didn't produce enough.

The two basic types of wage payment are what is commonly called *day work* and what is commonly called *piece work*. Piece work is the basic type of incentive wage payment. But it is useful to remember that day work, in which pay is determined solely by *time* worked, contains a latent factor of production, for if you don't produce enough even on a day work basis, you're likely to lose your job.

In *piece work* systems, you get paid by the amount you produce, not by the time worked. If, for example, you get one dollar every time you turn in ten finished widgets, you'll get two dollars every time you turn in twenty. But you can see immediately that such a piece work system operates as an "incentive" system. For a worker cannot be indifferent to how many widgets he makes in an hour, or in a day, or in a week, because he cannot be indifferent to how much money he is paid per hour or per day or per week. Consequently, it is to his interest to make as many widgets per hour, per day, or per week as possible—unless other factors intervene, as they frequently do.

Piece work and day work can be combined, and frequently are. A common way is to pay on a piece work basis, but to provide a minimum guarantee based on time worked. This is a fair principle as far as it goes, because a great many halts in production occur for reasons entirely beyond the control of the worker—failure of raw materials to show up, faulty management and scheduling, etc.

Maximums are not unknown either; workers are paid on a piece work basis, but not in excess of a certain maximum per day, per hour, or per week. These are bad, because they guarantee that production will go no higher than the level represented by the maximums, and they discourage workers from making invaluable improvements in technique fully available. Besides, there is no good reason for maximums, if utmost production is really the goal.

Although day work (time) and piece work (production) are the basic types of wage payment, and although piece work is the basic type of incentive system, the fact is that in their pure forms they do not constitute the main problem centering around incentive systems.

The problem grew up by reason of the circumstances under which mass production industries began to *modify* the straight piece work system.

As noted, under piece work systems your pay varies directly with the amount produced. Ten widgets, one dollar; twenty widgets, two dollars; etc. This we can call a 1-to-1 system, meaning that the ratio of pay to volume of product is as 1-to-1.

But many years ago, as a result in the main of the work of Taylor and other management experts, industry began to try to figure some way *not* to pay in a 1-to-1 ratio. The experts reasoned: "It is true that it is well worth our while in profits to pay according to production, 1-to-1. But look! It would be still better if we only paid .09-to-1, or .08-to-1. And just imagine how profits would roll in if we paid only .05-to-1 or even lower!" And that is exactly what they did—and that is exactly why the word "incentive" like the word "Bedaux" got a bad reputation among working people.

In the early days, without a single exception that I can find, all the special "systems" were different ways to *avoid* paying at the 1-to-1 ratio, different ways to get the production up as high as possible with the payment of as little incentive as could be. Such systems were, to be sure, installed in the days when there was no labor organization of the mass production industries worth mentioning; they were installed, indeed, on the assumption that there wouldn't ever be any unions.

There is no room to describe the many variations by which this chiseling went on.

A first principle was to get the system as complicated as could be; if the system was complex enough, the worker would never even know whether he was being paid fairly according to the system itself, much less whether the system was fair or not.

A second series of principles was to keep the ratio of incentive pay to increased production as low as possible. A pretext had to to be devised for excusing this practice. The pretext was: that the worker's extra production and hence extra earnings were made possible only by the management, and therefore the worker should permit the management to deduct some of his extra earnings as a sort of fee for being so cooperative.

IN GENERAL, this type of chiseling was accomplished by paying progressively *less* for each extra unit of increase in production. This was (and still is) often done by setting some kind of production "norm" which had to be surpassed in order to result in the extra incentive pay, whereupon, as production increased, the norm would constantly be increased, too. This can be done either on the basis of an individual's "norm" or of a group "norm." In different companies and under different systems, the "norm" is called by different terms—a "norm" for an hour in the Bedaux system, for example, is "60 B's"—but, whatever the term, the principle is the same.

A third series of principles was aimed at constantly lowering the actual price per unit, no matter what the ratio of incentive to earnings might be. There was (and is) "job evaluation," a scale by which the price of a job can be "objectively" measured; "time study," involving stop-watch study of actual motions; "machine rate" fractions to "correct" for the fastness or slowness of the machines used. Whatever the name, the aim was the same: to cut the price.

But a factor with which the experts and bosses had insufficiently reckoned came along: industrial unionization! As a result of this development, profound changes have been brought about in incentive systems

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in a great many shops, and almost without exception these are CIO shops.

Through their unions, the workers began to press for improved wages.

SOMETIMES this took the form of trying to replace an "incentive system" of the type described above, with a straight time or day work system, so that the "incentive" at less than 1-to-1 would be eliminated. But clearly there could be no gain in replacing an incentive system which netted the worker, say, eighty cents an hour, by day work system which would net only seventy-five cents per hour. Naturally, the drive was to increase the total in the course of the changeover.

Another way to accomplish the same thing, however, was to work to eliminate an incentive system operating at, say, .07-to-1, and to replace it by *another incentive system* operating at 1-to-1, or better. Along with this, of course, went a campaign to increase not merely the ratio, but the actual price itself, and also to establish a minimum guarantee on a straight time basis.

Today actual practice in mass production industry exhibits the richest possible variety of systems, running all the way from the old chiseling systems up through systems in which most of the chiseling has been eliminated by the unions, and including systems which are better than 1-to-1.

From the outside, off-hand, it is impossible to say whether any given system is fair or not, until the crucial facts have been ascertained on the basis of the actual practices in the plant.

The crucial questions are:

(1) Is the ratio of total weekly wage earnings (or "take-out") to total production, for various volumes of production, 1-to-1 or better? If it is less, troubles begin.

(2) Is there a minimum guarantee figured on a time basis?

(3) How *high* is the actual price paid in wages per unit produced? Is there protection against cuts in such prices?

(4) Is there provision by which increased production is reflected in the take-out not only of production ("incentive") workers, but also day workers such as porters, etc., who participate in the increased production of the shop or plant?

(5) Is the system, whatever it is, clear enough so a worker can figure for himself whether he's getting what the system officially promises him?

TO THE degree that confusion over incentive systems is prevalent in some sections of industry, such confusion—when it is not deliberately encouraged by employers or their agents among workers—arises from the failure to draw a sharp line between fair and unfair incentive systems.

To say "incentive system" doesn't mean a thing, until you have answered the crucial questions, for it is on the answer to these that the *character* of the particular system depends.

Underlying the wider interest in fair incentive systems is labor's changed attitude toward production as such.

In the old days production was the boss' problem and his alone. Getting production up was his job; he got it up so as to chisel a little more out of both his workers and his customers; labor's sole concern was to keep this chiseling down to a minimum, through more pay one way or another.

Today production has an entirely new meaning. Production is a *must*, without regard to the boss' attitude toward production; we *must* get the stuff to our men in the fighting forces and to our allies. Whether or not the boss exploits this need, we still have to get the stuff out.

FAIR incentive plans, however, do *not* diminish profits for the boss—and that is why he has a good reason to be interested in them. For a 1-to-1 ratio does not increase the labor cost per unit produced. Even at better than 1-to-1, the net costs per unit produced can be lessened, because the greater utilization of machines, etc., leads to a reduction in the overhead charge against each item of product; this reduction in overhead justifies better than 1-to-1 ratios.

To the boss, higher production which can be secured under 1-to-1 or better systems means more sales per week; and more sales per week means that he makes the same profit *oftener*—and this increased frequency means greater net profits. So the boss can go quite a way above 1-to-1 and still make money.

Stanley DeGraff

So far, government wage policy has not taken an attitude against incentive pay and has, verbally at least, remained officially friendly to incentive systems provided that (as in the one ruling immediately pertinent) they do not increase the labor cost per item manufactured. So long as no new developments of a backward nature appear in policy, then the way is open to higher total takeout through fair incentive systems—and with the wage-price situation at the impasse it is, it is a way highly worthwhile exploring to the utmost.

The proviso mentioned, that labor cost per unit manufactured must not be increased, needs considerable widening so that it will, on the one hand, reckon with savings in overhead costs and, on the other hand, deal realistically with bookkeeping practices which so easily misrepresent labor costs and savings.

Politically, on a small scale that is getting smaller, "incentive" was for a time the football of a little campaign on the part of defeatist factions in a few unions which felt the need of dressing their Red-baiting up with some new clothes. The factions worked hard to develop a full-sized debate between Earl Browder of the Communist Party and themselves, representing Browder as virtually the Western Hemisphere representative of the Bedaux system (which he, of course, is not and never was), and representing themselves as defenders of—or at least as thus far unsuccessful campaigners for—the straight-time wage system. The factions capitalized on the entirely proper resentment against the old systems in which the ratio was worse than 1-to-1 to create confusion as to systems in which it was 1-to-1 or better; and in so doing they retarded the efforts of their own followers to use increased production as a means to obtain increased take-out. This little experiment in factional politics, however, has now lost nearly all of whatever semblance of vitality it once possessed.

TODAY a majority of the leading CIO unions favor and work for fair incentive payment plans as a means of increasing both production and the incomes of their members. Once the ceilings on wages established by the "Little Steel" formula is reached, this approach via incentive systems is the only approach that can today actually increase the incomes of workers. Wage rises in excess of the "Little Steel" roof are illegal, except when related to incentive or the raising of sub-standards, and they will remain illegal until Congress, and only Congress, changes the law. It is therefore a help simultaneously to the wages of workers, the profits of employers, and the production needed to win the war, to strive for fair incentive systems with strict safeguards as to the way they are actually applied in the plants.

LYLE DOWLING.

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COALITION PERSPECTIVES

Only full scale military action, says R. Palme Dutt, can establish the foundation of confidence for dealing with political questions. Where the Quebec conference fell short of its tasks.

Mr. Dutt's article arrived before the surrender of Italy. We do not believe, however, that that great event changes the burden of his argument.—The Editors.

London.

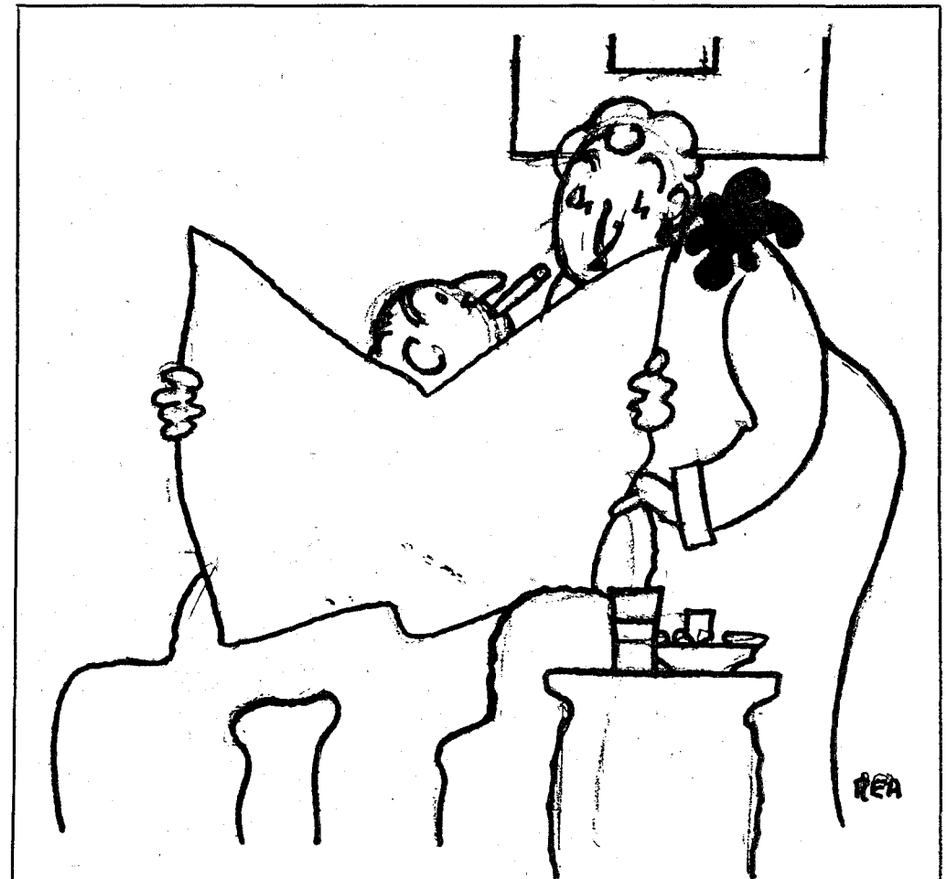
THE outcome of the Quebec conference has aroused widespread concern in British public opinion. And Mr. Churchill's Quebec speech increased rather than diminished this concern. The reasons are obvious. It has been evident to every observer that since July a new war situation has developed. The defeat of the Nazi summer drive, the powerful Soviet offensive, the Allied success in Sicily, the fall of Mussolini and the rising tide of struggle in Europe—all these have created new military and political possibilities. These new developments have completely outstripped the slow motion calculations of Casablanca. And they have visibly opened the way to a speedy victory if the now overwhelming superiority of United Nations power is thrown into the scales in a full strength offensive from the West to coincide with the Soviet campaign.

The Quebec conference was manifestly called at short notice to meet the unexpected challenge of the new military state of affairs and the crisis in Europe. It was not originally planned at Washington eleven weeks earlier when the main lines of strategy were confidently declared to have been laid down for the whole period ahead. As Mr. Churchill has stated, the decision to call the Quebec meeting was only made in July. The calling of the Quebec conference was in fact an expression of bankruptcy of the old long-term, gradual strategy which had been overtaken by the speed of events. The task at Quebec was plain: to respond to the new war realities by a complete revision of the strategy and timetables laid down previously; to decide on an immediate second front in the West; and to prepare the ground for a review of the new problems, both military and political, to be worked out at a forthcoming tripartite meeting.

Quebec has manifestly failed to fulfill this task. The public declarations make the essential character of the outcome inescapable. First, the official communique of the conference showed no response to the urgency and possibilities of the present situation. It was declared that the questions of the war against Hitler in Europe were regarded as not the main concern of the conference. Second, the accompanying semi-official declaration of Mr. Brendan Bracken and the article by Mr. Harry Hopkins in the *American Magazine*, stressed the perspectives of a long war, not merely against Japan, but against Hitler—possibly from two to four years ahead. Third, the main concern of the conference was declared to have been with war against Japan. It is obvious that the war against Japan must be pressed forward with fullest vigor. But every previous official declaration has insisted that the quickest way to finish Japan is to smash Hitler first. Here it is impossible to fail to note the retreat even from the level of the Casablanca meeting last January. That conference declared that the primary aim must be to defeat Hitler with all speed as a prelude to dealing with Japan. Mr. Churchill in his speech to Parliament on February 11 declared that "the dominating aim which we have set before ourselves in the conference at Casablanca was to engage the enemy's forces in land, sea, and air on the largest possible scale and at the earliest possible moment. . . . We have to make the enemy burn and bleed . . . in the same way as he has been made to burn and bleed along the vast Russian front. . . ." Brave words but no longer echoed at Quebec.

At the Washington conference last May it was announced that equal weight would henceforth be given to war against Hitler and war against Japan. In his broadcast from Washington at that time, Mr. Churchill warned that the main danger was the prolongation of the war, opening the way to the disruption of the United Nations. At Quebec it was announced that the main attention in the discussion of military affairs was given to the war against Japan. The official perspective held out was that of prolonged war, and the divergence between the strategy of the partners of the United Nations was openly admitted.

IT IS impossible to fail to see a certain political significance in the special insistence at this moment on war against Japan, in view of the fact that this is made the



"But why not eliminate ALL friction, Gilchrist, by just letting Mr. Hull take over EVERYTHING?"

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diplomatic ground for differentiation between the war of the Anglo-American coalition and the war of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition. In this way the basis is laid in certain quarters for the theory of "two wars"—one primarily carried on by the Anglo-American coalition, the other mainly fought by the Soviet Union, with two separate strategic lines and timetables.

The dangers of such tendencies are clear. Public opinion has been disturbed at the signs of divergence between the Western powers and the Soviet Union. It is not the case, however, that the questions at issue are only questions between the Western powers and the Soviet Union. The demand for a second front is not, as Mr. Churchill's broadcast appeared to imply, a peculiar "Russian" demand; it is a demand which has been voiced by the leading newspapers here and abroad and by the overwhelming majority of democratic and progressive opinion. It has been urged by all the popular resistance movements in occupied Europe.

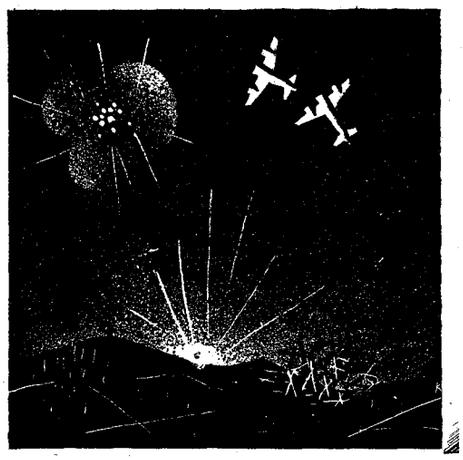
Public opinion has been disquieted by signs of alternative political forces and trends, alongside the military strategy of small scale action and delay; by the failure to respond immediately to the mighty anti-fascist popular revolt in Italy; by the long hesitations and reservations in relation to the French National Committee (here at any rate Quebec marked a step forward); by the negative attitude toward German anti-fascism and to the Free German National Committee; by the barriers placed in the way of a Czech-Soviet pact; by the subterranean peace negotiations of the British trade unionist, Arthur Deakin, and the Chairman of the Finnish Trade Union Congress, Eero Vuori, in Stockholm; and by the strange business being carried on by Sir Samuel Hoare in Spain.

WHILE the announced proposals for a three-power conference on political questions are welcomed, it is clear that these proposals as now discussed are different in character from the original proposition for a three-power conference to organize victory in 1943, as well as to lay the foundation for a firm peace. The proposed conference on long-term political questions can obviously be no substitute for the urgent necessity of immediate and common military action. Political difficulties are in great part a reflection of the lack of common military action and not the other way around. Full scale military action is the indispensable foundation of confidence in order to deal successfully with all further questions.

Mr. Churchill's Quebec speech was evidently intended to allay wide disquiet caused by the outcome of the conference and to conciliate Soviet opinion. But behind all the complimentary references to the Soviet Union the same negative outlines of the Quebec decisions were manifest. First, divergence of the Anglo-American and Soviet strategy was for the first time officially recognized. The week previously Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, answering critics in his speech at the Isle of Man, had referred to a "single grand concerted plan" of strategy of the United Nations. This claim has now been abandoned. The problem of achieving a united strategy of the United Nations is thus revealed as an urgent matter which the peoples of the alliance must solve as the indispensable condition for victory. Second, the opposition to the demand for an immediate second front is for the first time officially presented and made the central theme of a speech at the very time when all previous arguments against it have disappeared.

BEFORE, it was argued that the practical difficulties in respect to the available forces, arms and equipment, or shipping, stood in the way. All these arguments have evaporated. The British empire and the United States have at their disposal millions of trained men. Arms production of the United Nations is now three times the level of the Axis and there are even symptoms of a crisis of over-production of certain types of arms in Britain because of their piling up without use. In respect to shipping, the London *Financial News* has recently reported that there is now a "surplus of Allied shipping," and this business organ speculates on the possibility of relaxing the export and import restrictions in order to utilize this shipping surplus. Thus no technical or practical difficulties stand in the way of a second front. Therefore, it is not surprising that many critics should draw the conclusion that the only remaining difficulties must be political.

Yet in face of this, Churchill could argue that military considerations must not be subordinated to "political" demands for a second front. As a matter of fact, the demand for a second front is based on the plain facts and requirements of the military situation. It is the opposition propaganda that has reflected the reactionary political considerations cutting across military requirements. Mr. Churchill further argued that the delay and caution exercised in respect to the opening of a second front in the West was a policy which avoided "squandering" soldiers' lives. This is an obviously dangerous line of argument. It too nearly recalls the shameful pleas appearing in certain notorious Munichite newspapers in this country at the present moment. In reviewing the four years of war, these papers claim as a triumph the brilliant strategy that we are now defeating Germany at the cost of only 92,000 lives as against 1,200,000 in the last war.



It is evident that in the balance sheet of these pundits millions of Soviet lives are regarded as of no account. The real position is very different. The delay in finishing off Hitler through full scale action is not only costing millions of Soviet dead, whose lives could have been saved; it is not only costing millions of lives of European peoples under Hitler; it also means inevitably a heavier price for the British and American peoples. Delay gives Hitler the opportunities to take measures to meet the present extreme and dangerous crisis, to try to prepare a shortened line in the East, to strengthen his defenses in the West and bring into action new reserves which are being trained on the basis of recent intensified mobilization. Delay provides opportunities for dangerous and sabotaging political forces to get to work. It is not without significance that the Quebec conference should immediately be followed by the Pope's broadcast for a negotiated peace.

NOW is the most favorable opportunity for the speedy and victorious ending of the war with a minimum cost of lives and sacrifice. What is true for the Soviet people, what is true for the tortured European people, is also true for the British and American people; their interests are identical. A most intensive campaign must be conducted to meet the present crisis. There is no doubt that criticism will be powerfully voiced in the trade unions and when Parliament reasembles on Churchill's return. Demands will be made for a radical revision of policies. The Communist Party, for example, is conducting a nationwide campaign around four demands: (1) an immediate second front in the West; (2) an immediate three-power conference to organize a united military and political strategy for victory in 1943; (3) recall of Parliament; (4) strengthening of the government to ensure the carrying out of all necessary measures for a speedy victory.

The most urgent responsibility now rests on the British and American people. Only the strength of the labor and democratic movements in both countries can now compel a response to present opportunities and exercise pressure on the governments for a speedy revision of the Quebec decisions.

R. PALME DUTT.

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WE SAW MIKHAILOVICH'S TREASON

Three Partisans of Yugoslavia tell how the chetniks' "general" won the approval of the quislings and Nazis. . . . The organization of real anti-fascist fighters.

The following which originally appeared in the London "New Statesman and Nation" on June 5, 1943, was sent to us by a British friend. We believe it to be among the few eye witness accounts of what took place in Yugoslavia between the heroic Partisans and the traitor, Mikhailovich. On the eve of Allied military operations in the Balkans it serves as an unusual guide as to who our friends in Yugoslavia really are.—The Editors.

THESE three men are Yugoslav Partisans; they were captured by the Germans in 1942, kept in various camps, and finally escaped to this country. I mustn't describe how they got here, but they are full of praise for British officials who aided them. Gajich is a shoemaker who came from Uzice in Serbia; Arslanagich is a Muslim from Bosnia, who once worked for the Yugoslav Customs authorities, and Popovich was a joiner who was working in Rogatiza when the war started. Several of us met these men with a reliable interpreter. Here is the shorthand script of the conversation:

Question: How did resistance first start?

Gajich: The people were pushed into fighting, whether they liked to fight or not. They felt humiliated and believed that the country had been betrayed by the government and generals. (That was in April 1941.) I knew if I did not fight I should be sent to a factory in Germany or to the front. On July 17, 1941, I began to fight. People came to our homes and said that we had been betrayed and there was no alternative but for the people to take up the fight themselves.

Question: Were these people who came to you Communist organizers?

Gajich: No. Members of all parties (except fascist parties) were in the movement which had begun all over the country. The first movement was against the fifth columnists and all those who collaborated with Germans. We prepared secret organizations for an uprising, and later left for the forests. The peasants had rifles taken from the disbanded army, and also from the enemy. We attacked the occupying troops and killed them.

ARSLANAGICH had a similar story to tell. He was in the customs service and remained in his occupation after the military collapse. In July there was a common uprising of the whole people. The Slavs were not willing to tolerate the Germans and would resist anyone who wanted to oppress them. They started to fight the Germans in eastern Serbia, and on Nov. 17, 1941, the clash between Neditch [the Serbian Laval] and the people began.

Popovich was in Vojvedina when the war started. He was taken prisoner by the Germans, but escaped. He went home and in the early period after the German troops arrived it was fairly quiet. Later Pavelich [the Croatian quisling] came and started to persecute the Serbs. No Serb was allowed to keep in office. Pavelich also started to wipe out all potential leaders who could raise a revolt, so they were again compelled to save their lives by fighting.

Question: What sort of fighting was it?

Popovich: The first task of the Partisans in the woods was to disarm the Serbian gendarmerie under German command and upset the administration. They especially attacked Communes to get hold of the lists of population to prevent the Germans using them. They burned the lists.

Question: What was the strength of the Partisan groups?

Gajich answered. In his village thirteen started, and then sent proclamations to the villages inviting people to join them. They had companies, battalions, and the highest unit was a detachment consisting of several battalions. They were dispersed by districts, but they had couriers who kept contact between them. Later on they started to move in masses. The strongest detachment in which he served was one which included seven districts, each under its chief, and each chief had six to seven companies of 100 men. So many wanted to join that they could not accept them all as they had not enough armaments. They were all volunteers—there was no obligation to join. The proclamations were published that they would fight until the last occupant leaves the frontiers of Yugoslavia.

In the beginning they just captured arms and munitions from Germans, Italians and local quislings, but later on they got hold of a munitions factory and themselves produced rifles and munitions, machine guns, and hand grenades.

When the Germans left they left behind their stores, munitions, archives, and everything. The Germans tried to escape to the east but were attacked in a pass by another group of Partisans—the same tactics were applied all over the country.

Question: Did the Germans have tanks, airplanes, and artillery?

Reply: At Uzice five formations of Germans had tanks, twenty-four airplanes, and artillery as well.

Question: Were the villages destroyed altogether?

Reply: It depended; in some cases they completely destroyed them but in others parts of them were left.

Question: What happened to the women and children?

Reply: When the Partisans thought that the village could not be held they evacuated the women and children to other villages.

The Germans offered them the chance to surrender and said they would be free to go home, but most of them refused. Some who swallowed the bait were shot in masses. The people in the villages were sometimes shot and sometimes the Germans shut them into houses, poured gasoline on the houses and burned them.

Question: What experience did you have of General Mikhailovich's forces?

Reply: When the war broke out Mikhailovich was with his regiment, about three battalions of his troops, in his district. The Germans sent a force against him, but he disbanded his troops and with the officers escaped into the mountains. He remained quiet from June to September and was not attacked by the Germans. When the Partisans liberated the territory and fought the Germans, Mikhailovich started to organize the administration in the liberated areas. The Partisans received him well, as they thought he would join in and fight with them against the occupying forces.

Mikhailovich was asked by the English and by the Yugoslav government in London not to fight before the British landed and the Germans began to clear out. The Partisans replied that they wished to fight the enemy now. They said they would consider it a humiliation not to fight when all the other countries are fighting. That was in September 1941.

IN A SMALL market town in Serbia on Sept. 27, 1941, Captain Kosievich Petrovich attacked a detachment of Partisans who were garrisoned in a village behind the front, with 2,000 chetniks. Immediately the Partisans' supreme command got in touch with Mikhailovich by telephone and asked whether the chetniks were his men. Mikhailovich denied this and said that they were wild chetniks and not belonging to him. The Partisans sent in three or four companies by truck to this town and after three days of fighting they dispersed the chetniks. Then Mikhailovich acknowledged that Captain Petrovich was his man, but promised to hand him over to the Partisans for courtmartial. The Partisans and Mik-

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hailovich came to an agreement on September 13.

DURING the period between July and November 1941, six agreements were made between the Partisans and Mikhailovich. But the agreements were always broken. When the Germans attacked at Shabatz the commander of the chetniks stabbed the Partisans in the back.

In one action in October 1941 Mikhailovich and the Partisans fought on the same side. But in November 1941 the quisling paper, *Novo Vreme*, praised Mikhailovich. In November also the Partisans gave Mikhailovich 5,000 rifles from their factory. In the middle of November when the Partisans were at the front, Mikhailovich attacked Uzice unexpectedly with 5,000 of his troops. During November the Partisans fought against Mikhailovich until he was beaten and his troops dispersed. He escaped to Valjevo.

The Partisans captured one Nedich quisling major and one German officer who were on the way to Mikhailovich with a plan of common attack, maps, etc. When Mikhailovich was beaten half his troops went over to the Partisans and half to Nedich.

It was when Mikhailovich was at his lowest point that he was proclaimed in London as Minister of War, November 1941.

A Slovene leaflet was published denouncing him as a traitor in December.

The Yugoslav people were confused because Mikhailovich was collaborating with the Germans at the time when the authorities in London appointed him General and decorated him. At the same time the people were asked to keep their old oath to the king. The Germans dropped leaflets asking the people: "Why should they collaborate and fight with the Partisans if the London government is against them and the Germans as well?" Some said it was no use fighting because the Germans were in agreement with the London government.

The story was again told of the 350 Partisans who were handed over by Mikhailovich to the Gestapo and shot.

Popovich first fought in the ranks of the chetniks. Officers, sent by Mikhailovich, forced them to fight against the Partisans. In January 1942 the officers left the chetniks who then joined the People's Army of Liberation.

There was a great deal of difference between the chetniks and the Partisans in discipline. The chetniks were of the medieval type of fighting man who got drunk and fired bullets into the ceiling, the Partisans were very strictly organized.

A QUESTION was asked here about the administration of territory freed by Partisans.

They make a division between military and civilian organization. The military carry on the fight behind the lines. The civilians elect their mayors, etc., or if the old mayor is a good man he is left in office. The only stipulation is that they cannot elect any man who supported the Yugoslav reactionary regime or a man who was a fifth columnist. They set up people's courts, usually of three people. In mixed nationality areas they had one of each nationality. They had to be people with no special party affiliation and they are responsible for judgments. They review sentences. Each military unit has its own bulletins of propaganda material.

The political program of the Partisans is to fight against the armies of occupation and liberate all Yugoslavia not only within state boundaries but all who are under Italians, etc. They have a federal democratic program.

They bought food from the village population. They captured a lot of food from enemy troops and so supplied themselves. The Partisans' rules do not allow any gambling games, intoxicating drink, or any robbing of prisoners of war. The Partisans supported the widows and children, even those of fifth columnists whom they had been compelled to shoot. No soldier was allowed to take anything from the population; if he did he was shot. Each man had twenty dinars in his pocket in case of dispersion of troops so that he could buy supplies—but they were not allowed to have more than that—all other money was pooled.

All the successes won by the Partisans were attributed by the British Broadcasting Corp. to Mikhailovich. One Partisan said he listened to the BBC after fighting an action against Mikhailovich and was shocked to hear him announced as the conqueror of Uzice, when the action was really fought by the Partisans.

"You Can't Down the Marines." From a collection of outstanding Soviet war posters by leading Russian artists and writers. The exhibit will be held at the American British Art Center, 44 West 56th Street through September 28. Russian War Relief is sponsoring the show.

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The Teachers Meet

To New Masses: Surely the delegates to the recent American Federation of Teachers convention, held in Chicago, were motivated by a keen sense of their responsibility as educators and citizens for victory in achieving unanimous agreement on a number of important war questions. For example, they called for the repeal of the Smith-Connally act on the grounds that it is oppressive labor legislation, injurious to the morale of workers, and hampers the war effort. In a vigorously worded resolution, they called upon the President and Congress to press for immediate action all along the anti-inflation front as suggested in the seven-point economic stabilization program, with authority to use production and roll-back subsidies. In this connection, they urged full participation of local unions in a vigorous campaign to enforce price ceilings, to eliminate black markets, and to exert pressure on their congressmen to insure action to control inflation. Addressing themselves to the urgent problems of racial and religious discrimination, the delegates energetically affirmed their support of the Anti-Poll Tax bill, now in the Senate Judiciary Committee, demanded the strengthening of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, and called for strong legislation against the "seditious activities" of the purveyors of anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic propaganda. The riots in important war centers were attributed to "a widespread movement, the aims of which are to disrupt the war effort and to undermine democracy in the United States." Declaring itself for the dissolution of the Dies and Kerr committees, the convention specifically condemned the unconstitutional Congressional action against Goodwin Watson, William E. Dodd, and Robert Morse Lovett. If the teachers failed to put themselves on record opposing the readmission of John L. Lewis into the AFL, they commended AFL-CIO progress towards labor unity on the basis of close collaboration to win the war.

The delegates pledged the Federation's unqualified support of the United Nations policy of unconditional surrender of the Axis powers, and through Dr. John Childs, chairman of the Commission on Education and the Postwar World, expressed their approval of closer American-Soviet collaboration to win the war and assure a democratic peace. Also, noting that "the United States Senate unequivocally denounced the treaty on extra-territoriality with China," the convention unanimously adopted a resolution for the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

One resolution, looking forward to the 1944 elections, is a fair sample of the anti-fascist, victory thinking of the convention. It deserves to be quoted at some length:

Whereas, a sharp struggle for power is taking place in the United States between reactionary and democratic forces, which is reflected in the political maneuverings of both the Republican and Democratic parties in preparation for the 1944 elections, and

Whereas, reactionary elements are waging a bitter anti-Soviet campaign intended to destroy the hope of Anglo-American-Soviet collaboration in the building of an orderly world and are even now working with anti-democratic forces the world over to defeat the purposes for which the war is being fought, and

Whereas, these groups are determined to discredit the essential and basic contributions to social reforms initiated by the Roosevelt administration,

Therefore be it resolved, that the American Federation of Teachers work actively with organized labor and all other groups for united, vigorous support of a domestic and foreign program that will not only win the war but also insure economic and political collaboration for a people's peace. . . .

The strength of this resolution is obvious. Its chief weakness is that it is too general, and, specifically, it does not warn against a national third party movement which would tend at this time to divert attention from the main concern of the nation, united support of the victory policies of the Roosevelt administration.

To have failed to warn against a third party movement is significant, for, linked with some other contradictions in the teachers' victory thinking, this omission reveals the most serious weakness of the convention. For example, the delegates did not expose John L. Lewis as America's enemy No. 1, and although they "commended" labor's adherence to the no-strike pledge, they allowed the pledge to be predicated implicitly upon effective control of inflation. Furthermore, although there was full agreement on closer Anglo-Soviet-American collaboration, they did not advance beyond the weak position of the AFL on international trade union unity. Finally, although they pledged unequivocal support of unconditional surrender, the delegates remained silent on the immediate opening of the second front to avoid prolonging the war.

In my opinion, these are not necessarily *fatal* contradictions. Though extremely serious, they can and must be resolved by the energetic implementation of the Federation's victory program on each local's home front.

Dr. Cortland Eyer.

Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

Misrepresentation?

To New Masses: In your comment on the discussion on unity, you inadvertently misrepresent my position in supposing me to believe that this is a war for socialism. That I hold no such view the following quotation will show:

"I think it would be far easier, in the context of *future crises*, for resolute socialists to work with a Communist Party. . . . Doubtless, that would depend upon the degree to which, say, non-Communists made up their minds about socialism. In Britain, for example, a *Labor Government* that was *determined to transform society* would be more likely to receive genuine Communist support than a weak-willed one. But if the Second International parties *confront the postwar world* with no increase of courage then the effect of the dissolution may be to put the Communist Parties ahead of them." (My reply in New Masses.)

As you see, I put the struggle for socialism in the postwar period.

Permit me also to set right a wrong impression which Mr. Browder may have given your readers in the course of his attack on the *Nation* in your issue of August 17. The *Nation* was in no way responsible for my error concerning Communist policy on salary limitation. I am not, and never have been, an editor of that magazine. My statement was made in a book review and it fell to me, therefore, to make the correction. It is unusual and improper to attribute a reviewer's opinions to an editorial board or to the magazine itself. The *Nation* does not have to "revise its conclusions" since it drew none from my review. In this part of his attack, which is all that personally concerns me, Mr. Browder is pressing an advantage he does not possess.

If, by the way, the *Nation* did base its opinion on my book reviews, it would editorially support the United Front. For it was in my condemnatory review of Messrs. Counts' and Childs' recent book that I first urged a working agreement with the Communist Party.

New York. Ralph Bates.

[New Masses in its comment on the discussion of unity between Communists and non-Communists did not say that Ralph Bates believes this is a war for socialism. What we said was that in his contribution to the discussion Mr. Bates expressed the belief that "*unless* this war results in a 'transformation of society,' it will 'have had only negative significance.'" Our statement was based on the following sentence in Mr. Bates' article in our August 10 issue: "Very soon after victory the reactionaries, forced into this war by their imperialist necessities, will once more mount a fresh offensive against that transformation of society without which the war will have had only negative significance."

Nor does it seem to us that Mr. Bates is on firm ground in his defense of the *Nation* against Earl Browder's criticisms. It is, of course, true that a reviewer's *opinions* ought not necessarily be attributed to the editors or to the magazine. But when a *misstatement of fact* appears in a publication such, for example, as that the Communist Party opposed President Roosevelt's attempt to limit salaries to $25,000 a year, the editors cannot escape responsibility by saying that this was merely their reviewer's opinion. And when a letter is sent to the magazine correcting this misstatement of fact—such a letter as Mr. Browder actually sent to the *Nation*—and the letter is not published, but instead a brief correction by the reviewer is inserted, we feel Mr. Browder is justified in raising questions as to the moral and intellectual integrity of the *Nation*. Particularly since, as he points out, misrepresentation of the Communist position is not at all rare in the columns of that magazine.—The Editors.]

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WHAT IS BASIC ENGLISH?

The values and limitations of learning 850 words instead of 20,000 in a new language. Some proposals for facilitating communication and international understanding.

BASIC English is very much in the news. Public interest in the subject has been stimulated by the writings of Ivy Litvinov, who taught Basic English in the Soviet Union. The British Cabinet has been persuaded by Mr. Churchill to study what the Prime Minister in his Harvard speech called "a very deftly wrought plan for an international language capable of very wide transactions of practical business and of interchange of ideas." And this enthusiasm is shared by President Roosevelt, who has discussed the merits of Basic English with Mr. Churchill.

What is Basic English? What are its techniques and purposes? What accounts for its prominence in the news today? What are its values and limitations?

The most thorough explanation of Basic English will be found in C. K. Ogden's *The System of Basic English* and I. A. Richards' *Basic English And Its Uses*. The authors of these books are the leading proponents of the system. Mr. Richards, the well known English critic, is at present on the Harvard faculty; Mr. Ogden is at Cambridge University. They work in association.

Basic English is a selection of 850 words intended to cover those needs of everyday life for which a much larger vocabulary is normally employed. Of the 500,000 words found in the largest English dictionaries, only about 20,000 may be described as common words, and of these about 8,000 are in everyday use. The problem of Basic English was to find the least number of words that by proper combination could do the job of the workaday vocabulary. Analysis over a period of ten years indicated that between 800 and 900 words were necessary keys. Since the average rate of learning words in a foreign language is about thirty an hour, C. K. Ogden claims that it is possible "for anyone whose natural language is not too remote from English to *read* anything written in Basic in less than thirty hours," or an hour a day for a month. The 850 words of Basic English can be printed on a single sheet of notepaper and spoken on a phonograph record in fifteen minutes.

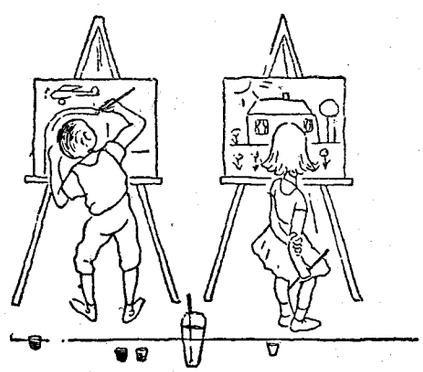
In Basic English are 200 names of picturable objects (girl, glove, goat, gun) and 400 general things (government, grip, group, growth), making a total of 600 nouns. There are 150 adjectives. The remaining 100 words are "operational," and consist of verbs, prepositions, pronouns, and other parts of speech necessary to make the whole system work as normal English.

The primary principle at work in this vocabulary is the elimination of all but sixteen verbs; and this reduces not only the number of words but the main source of difficulty in language-learning. The sixteen verbs describe sixteen basic operations (come, get, give, make). By combining these with twenty prepositions, which are essentially directions, it is possible to cover a wide range of activities. For instance, the verbs "ascend" and "descend" do not appear in Basic English; but their function is clearly taken over by "go up" and "go down." Similarly "enter" and "exit" are taken over by "go in" and "go out." Thus four words are eliminated by the use of the single verb "go" plus four basic prepositions.

USING this method, it has been possible to compile *The General Basic English Dictionary*, under the direction of C. K. Ogden, in which more than 20,000 words are defined in the 850 words of Basic English. For instance, "enrapture" equals "make very happy"; "recuperate" equals "get strong again"; "irradiate" equals "give light to"; etc.

Here is a paragraph from a speech by President Roosevelt followed by a Basic English "translation":

"First of all, let me state the simple fact that when you deposit money in a bank, the bank does not put the money into a safe deposit vault. It invests your money



in many different forms of credit—in bonds, commercial paper, mortgages, and many other kinds of loans."

"First of all, let me put forward the simple fact that when you take your money to a bank, the bank does not put it into a safe in which things of value are kept. It puts your money into a number of different forms of credit—government paper, business paper, rights to land and property, and all sorts of agreements for getting it back with interest."

It will be seen by examining these passages that Basic English in some respects makes the language more cumbersome for an English-speaking person. For instance, instead of saying "safe deposit vault" he would have to say "safe in which things of value are kept." "Mortgages" becomes "rights to land and property." At the same time, "invests" is reduced to "put into," a simplification to the verb-direction pattern. Most of the words require no change at all.

The problem of an American or Englishman learning Basic English is in some respects more complex than that of a non-English-speaking person. He would have to be sure to recall that "business" means something to his hearer, but not "commercial"; "put forward," but not "state." Basic English has to be *learned* by the American, who must strip his vocabulary for the specific purpose of carrying on a conversation with the Frenchman or Russian who has studied Basic English.

Some speakers and writers are much closer to Basic English in their natural mode of expression than others. For instance, here is a paragraph from a Treasury Department program by Carl Sandburg which is included in his forthcoming book, *Home Front Memo*:

"What did Lincoln do then—when he was alive and had many of the powers of a dictator? That, too, is a question. Often nobody but himself knew beforehand what he was going to do. And when he did it, what happened? Take a look back and see what happened. We have a right to say there were times when what he did looked wrong to good men then."

Only two or three words in this passage are not included in the 850 of Basic English. But take the following passage from

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Winston Churchill's Harvard speech, and you discover that virtually the entire passage needs translation:

"It would, of course, Mr. President, be lamentable if those who are charged with the duty of leading great nations forward in this grievous and obstinate war were to allow their minds and energies to be diverted in making the plan to achieve our righteous purposes without needless prolongation of slaughter and destruction." A sound Basic English equivalent might be: Second Front.

It is of some importance to examine the purpose for which these linguistic techniques have been set up. C. K. Ogden once claimed that absence of an international language like Basic English is "the chief obstacle to international understanding, and consequently the chief underlying cause of war." As Margaret Schlauch points out in her scholarly and delightful *The Gift of Tongues*, "Unhappily, much more will be needed than a single speech to end wars." Similarly, Mr. Churchill's Harvard speech gives the impression that Basic English is the primary instrument for easing the tensions and grievances of peoples who resent imperialist tendencies wherever they may assert themselves. Basic English is obviously no panacea, and if it be used arrogantly to press the claims of our own language to be *the* international tongue, it may well arouse the suspicions of those who have regard for the dignity and traditions of their own languages, which are equally venerable and equally adapted to the uses of culture and commerce.

But this is by no means a necessary evil of Basic English. Its value will to a great degree depend on the kind of world order in which it will be able to function. If that should be a world order in which the Atlantic Community, as Mr. Lippmann calls it, arrogates to itself a sense of dominance and exclusiveness, then obviously Basic English would awaken the antagonism of the peoples who were dominated and excluded. On the other hand, in a world order growing out of the United Nations, Basic English might well serve a most fruitful purpose, not, in the words of Mr. Churchill, as "an international language," but rather in the words of C. K. Ogden as "an international auxiliary language."

Indeed, in a healthy world society, any mechanism that facilitates communication is clearly desirable. Basic English may well be such a mechanism. But it is only one. There are others which are perhaps more important in the long run. For instance, the Soviet Union is today widely requiring the study of English as a second language in the schools, not only in the universities but in the high schools. In this country we have made some progress during the war in the teaching of Russian at our universities (though it should be noted that this progress has affected a small minority of our higher institutions.) In our high schools Russian is still an untouchable. Our desire for global linguistic communication should express itself not only in claims for Basic English, but in far greater stress on other languages, including those which have been treated as pariahs. In stressing exclusively, at Harvard, the considerations of Anglo-American amity, and in coupling Basic English with his truncated United Nations emphasis, Mr. Churchill tended to narrow rather than to broaden the base of understanding and communication. As in every other realm, progress in linguistic internationalism stands or falls by the profundity and integrity of the world conception we realize in action.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

OUR DAILY BREAD, *by Enrique Gil Gilbert, Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

Equatorial South America is a region about which few in this country possess an accurate knowledge—only those specialists who have dug it out of books in the course of their researches or have actually been there on field trips. For many it is a territory mapped by imaginations of hellish heat and fever, the sinewy luxuriance of tropical flora, and jungle exotic —as remote from reality but as esthetically tantalizing as the green and orange compositions of Rousseau. In this non-human, abstract illusion of beauty, it is not surprising that living men have no place. And if we do try to learn something about the people who actually *are* there, we must turn to the heavy, insensate compilations of anthropology or to the romantic accounts of lone white men heroically pitted against the jungle.

In the light of this all too dubious background the present novel by a young Ecuadorean writer is a profound experience of revelation. The notion that the jungle can easily be captured and transmuted into esthetic forms is swept away by the power of Gilbert's all-encompassing perceptions of the inescapable, ever-present impact, on every nerve, every organ, of the humid green fastnesses. The voices, the smells, above all, the constant touch of this fevered wilderness, flowing out of the shifting cycles of growth and decay, are omnipresent in this novel. But the incredible sensory immediacy of Gilbert's command of physical sensation will make his writing seem exotic only to those who fail to comprehend what such an environment means to the men who are taking the first steps to bring it under some measure of control. This is a story of plain men trying to wrest a livelihood from the river banks of the jungle; the economic basis of men's social relations here, as elsewhere, complicates their desire to attain a conquest over nature.

Our Daily Bread tells us of the beginning and perhaps the end of an Ecuadorean rice plantation, from the time of the planting of the first crop to the day when a much larger crop, cultivated by tractors, is threatened by the changing course of the river. Two kinds of men struggle for the withheld wealth of this land—the men who sow the rice and harvest the crop and the men who own the land. The opportunity which Dr. Eusebio Sandoval sees in the rice market gives a savage twist to the deadly toil of the settlers for their daily bread. Their lives and their livelihood at last become mere counters in the ironical history of the Sandoval pursuit of fortune.

The elder Sandoval had first come upon the land at the end of his career as a republican guerrilla fighter. He comes into an estate by way of some convenient bloodletting and love-making; every opportunity for personal gain he blandly accepts; the man who once fought for a political principle relaxes gracefully into an estate-holder who needs no principle. But the father is one cut above the son. The elder Sandoval had sent out the first settlers, had given them a chance to work the land on shares. He has educated his son for a profession, but ironically this Doctor of Laws returns to the land to secure a new hold on wealth and station. It is he who decides to increase the productivity of the plantation by the use of tractors; to reduce labor costs, he hires Indians from the mountain country. Some of the old settlers leave the land rather than work under the new conditions of peonage; a few of them for whom the Sandovals have a sentimental attachment may become overseers. When the time of harvesting nears, fever, injury, sores have taken their toll among the mountain men; one has died, and one man has merely buried his aching limbs in the river. And as the final irony, the ever-unpredictable, the forces yet beyond control, begin to move again—the river seems to be about to change its course.

From the artistic point of view it seems to me that Gilbert's great achievement in this book has been his power to mould his material into an original form. In our own literature the effects of na-

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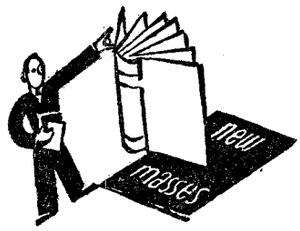

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tural environment have been worked out too often in terms of the moods of character, as artfully dramatic contrasts or overtones for moments of crisis. Where rain, wind, river, insects, fever, are to be reckoned with day after day—where there is scarcely a moment that a man's awareness of things in the atmosphere relaxes—all this becomes a fundamental force that must be represented in its correct perspective. Gilbert does this without poetic rationalization, without obscurant mysticism, without the exploitation of the exotic for its own sake. How truly he has seen the subject of his novel may be observed too in his just sense of proportion. Individual lives are clear in themselves, but all motivation is related to the central theme of the novel. Each of the *personae* in his brief tragedy or ironic fatality modulates this theme without discord. Finally, in the level of his artistic maturity, in his concern with material of contemporary social import, I believe that Gilbert is a particularly stimulating and exciting representative of a literary culture from which, it is not too much to expect, our own writers—generally sensitive to foreign impulses—may have much to learn. ALAN BENOIT.

Hell from the Sky

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR, *by Blake Clark. Harper's. $2.50.*

TO TELL the story of one man's impressions of the fighting he has seen or of a self-bounded group like a ship's company is one sort of task; to present a picture of a wide-spread series of actions, such as occurred in and over Hawaii on Dec. 7, 1941, is quite another. Blake Clark's *Remember Pearl Harbor!* is one of the most moving and successful books of the latter sort that I have read, and it does not make a pretty story. (*Remember Pearl Harbor* was originally published by Modern Age early in 1942. This edition contains an added chapter, "One Year Later.")

Mr. Clark, of the University of Honolulu, sickened as he looked at the destruction that day, resolved to tell the story plainly, as the participants and spectators had seen it. To that end, he went around the Island of Oahu talking to everyone, taking down their own words, so that the result is like being everywhere at once on that day, knowing *yourself* unwarned, unprepared, and fighting back as best you could at the hell coming at you from the skies.

It is difficult to do justice to this book or to the boys who are its narrators and heroes without quoting the whole volume. The chaplain who said, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" is here and so is Dorie Miller. But there was also an Aviation Chief Ordnance Mate, John W. Finn, who set up a machine-gun on the lid of a garbage can at Kanoehe Field and fired

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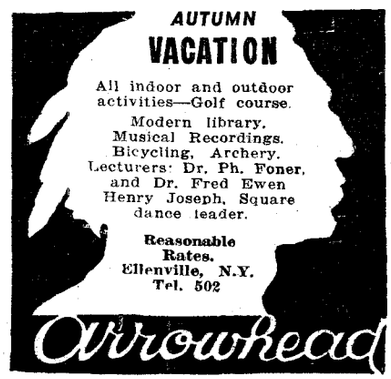

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until shot down. There were the Army and Navy doctors and nurses, working sometimes under fire, who treated thousands of casualties with what facilities they had or could improvise, without a single serious case of infection. There were the thousands of civilians and unwounded members of the armed forces who queued up for the blood bank.

But to mention one person or group of people is to be unfair to the hundreds of others. There was a catastrophe, and people did not run or panic or whine, or do anything but act in whatever way they could that would best help the situation before them. The same is true of the Japanese population of Oahu: they turned out as volunteer ambulance drivers, gave blood with the rest, rendered first aid. The most painstaking investigation, according to Clark, by the local police and the FBI failed, in the year between Pearl Harbor and December 1942, to reveal one authentic instance of sabotage. True, there were lots of rumors, and there were a number of people who wanted to use the attack as an excuse to turn the Japanese Hawaiians into prisoners and slaves. But of that sort of person, Mr. Clark says: "This man believes that skin color and race are more powerful than democracy."

There are more reasons than one for remembering Pearl Harbor.

SALLY ALFORD.

Brief Review

WHAT TO DO TILL THE DOCTOR COMES, *by Dr. D. B. Armstrong and Grace T. Hallock. Simon & Schuster. Cloth $1.00, Paper $.25.*

DR. D. B. ARMSTRONG, collaborating with Grace Hallock, has written an excellent addition to the popular American Red Cross *First Aid Text Book*. Dr. Armstrong is a senior surgeon of the United States Public Health Service, while Miss Hallock has written many fine health and safety textbooks. This joint work of theirs gives specific remedies for specific injuries. It contains similar material to that found in the Red Cross book plus additional information on such things as sudden childbirth; fishhook accidents; poison tables and antidotes; war gases and incendiary accidents, and treatments. Many subjects are treated at greater length than in the Red Cross text but the authors have avoided confusing the layman with latinized medical terminology.

The book is designed as a "partner of your family medicine chest." A string through the binding will enable you to hang it on a hook. It opens with a page for names, addresses, and phone numbers of your doctors, druggists, fire department and alarm box, police department and precinct, and the neighborhood offices of your gas and electric companies. A special section, "First Aid From A to Z," gives an alphabetical reference to various injuries.

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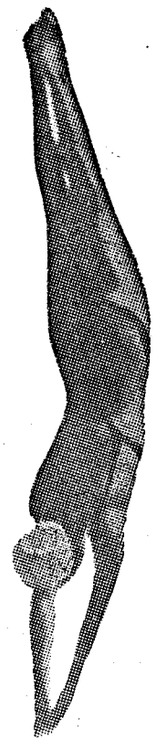
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HEROIC FILM OF A HEROIC CITY

Daniel Prentiss reviews the documentary of the battle of Stalingrad, a magnificent screen achievement. Cameramen as artists and fighters.

"THE City That Stopped Hitler—Heroic Stalingrad" is a great film and great history. This statement will not come as a surprise to NEW MASSES readers, who were told as much in N. A. Daniels' "Hollywood Letter" two weeks ago—which, incidentally, we advise you to reread. Its inside information is a scoop for the magazine. Mr. Daniels made the quaint claim that his story was purely factual: "I don't want to poach on your film reviewer's territory, so I won't tell you what we think of the film out here." But I can assure him that he fooled very few people. Behind his every sentence was the excitement and deep pride the film workers of Hollywood feel in having prepared the American version of *Heroic Stalingrad* for the movie screens of this country. Let us add *our* thanks to John Wexley for script; Brian Donlevy, commentator; the unnamed editors and technicians; and Paramount Pictures, distributors.

From a stylistic point of view *Heroic Stalingrad* is something in between *Moscow Strikes Back* and *Siege of Leningrad*. You might say there are two distinct types of documentary, equally valid. One—*Moscow Strikes Back* is an example—is editorial and urgent in approach. You feel from the outset that you're in the grip of a strong directing intelligence. Such a film takes you by the hand. It shows you only what it wants you to see. The tangential and peripheral are deliberately omitted. Then there is the other, the *Siege of Leningrad* kind. Here the method is *seemingly* more casual. Its audiences appear to be left on their own. The camera becomes their eyes as they wander about town. They just *happen* to notice things. On one of the bridges over the Nevsky River an old man is pulling a ramshackle, homemade sled. You stop for a moment, you don't know why, no one told you to. Then you see that he's bearing his dead wife to burial—probably got the sled from a neighbor's kid.

Heroic Stalingrad uses both methods. Its depiction of the battle strategies of the Germans and of the Stalin counter-plan is as brilliant as anything in *Moscow Strikes Back*. When it reveals the monster handiwork of the Nazi prison camp it attains a sharpness of focus, an incisiveness of statement that even *Moscow* failed to achieve. Similarly in the passage that presents the carrion crew of Hitler's generals as they surrender to Soviet arms. Someone asks von Paulus why he hadn't surrendered when they had offered him a chance to. "I miscalculated and then it was too late. Before I knew it, I was seized by a common sergeant."

Heroic Stalingrad is equally triumphant in the *Leningrad* manner. One sequence is particularly outstanding. It begins, "It was a quiet Sunday morning." The Stalingrad front has been stabilized. Soon the Russian armies will be coming. Slowly the camera moves past the eyeless buildings of the city. A world of the dead. We see the famed battlescarred statues of Stalingrad's dancing children. Is there anyone alive? And then, suddenly, out of a house steps a slight, baldish man with a bass viol under his arm. Down the block a kerchiefed family is trundling its last belongings to the Volga. This is a canvas that only great masters can create. This is a passage that the surrealists can only talk about but never achieve—the terrific wrench of dissociation as it occurs in the very midst of reality.

Let's take a few minutes and give cameramen their due. The first world war produced no film document of value; it took the October Revolution, postwar progressive thought, and the war against fascism to set the camerman-reporter free. He emerged as an artist on equal footing with poet or painter. There is little precedent for the reportorial prodigies of *Moscow Strikes Back, Siege of Leningrad, Heroic Stalingrad, A Day in the Soviet Union* (seen in America in the March of Time version)—and in a slightly lesser degree, the camera accomplishments of *Desert Victory* and *Report from the Aleutians*. We are inclined to forget that the camera itself is merely a tool like a paint brush, a dictionary, a palette knife. That behind

A scene from "The City That Stopped Hitler—Heroic Stalingrad."

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BACK THE ATTACK

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WAR BONDS

the lenses and whirling film spools stands a fighting artist struggling with the limitations of his instrument to encompass his environment. The camera crews of *Heroic Stalingrad* speak with the bitter tongue of Ilya Ehrenburg and the humanity of the author of *The Last Days of Sevastopol,* Boris Voyetekov. These men didn't spare themselves. Many died. They knew the demoniac horrors of tank battle. They knelt beside the sniper, dived with the Stormoviks, challenged the German mortars. And in the midst of it all they found the nerves, eye, and artist's brain to bring us the record.

You will want to see renowned "Katusha" in action, its hellish fire leaping past the screen like the flaming sword of Blake's avenging angels. You will marvel at Russian artillery, literally forest after forest of big guns. But most of all, perhaps, you will want to remember that historic moment when the Russian twin armies of encirclement meet to close the trap around Hitler's "finest." Who couldn't forgive the cameraman if at this juncture his hand trembled? But it was firm. And firm it will be at the final crushing of the enemy.

One more word. *Heroic Stalingrad* serves to open a new Broadway house—the Victoria—which will show Soviet films. The Stanley willingly foregoes its splendid isolation. Good fortune!

IN THE old days before the war, a certain midwest farmers' gazette we used to read employed a rather peculiar method of rating movies. No stars, clocks or bells for them. The criterion? How many gallons of gas you had to burn in order to get to the particular theater playing the movie! A *ne plus ultra* item was naturally four gallons and so on down the line. Things being what they are, we can't apply this system to the Fred Astaire, Robert Benchley, Joan Leslie affair, *The Sky's the Limit* (RKO) now at the Palace Theater. We wish we could, though. Because distance is a consideration. The film hasn't sufficient claim on your attention to warrant a long subway ride. If you're downtown, all right. If not, wait until it gets to the vicarage.

The film has its moments, chief among them Robert Benchley's turn in his now famous Treasurer's Report style and an unexpectedly serious episode, the christening of a plane by a woman worker whose husband was lost at Guadalcanal. That's a fair four bits' worth. But Astaire doesn't seem too happy in this, his latest vehicle. The Leslie charm is seldom present and Freddie Slack's band sounds downright bad. Of course, inveterate Astaire gazers will disregard the above and the laws of gravity. For them it is but a single glorious leap from the suburbs to the Pepsi-Cola sign on Forty-seventh Street.

DANIEL PRENTISS.

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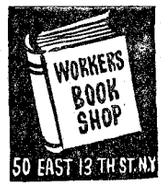

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